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Poetry.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOURSELF

Young man, the books will bid you read
The seers from Kant to Plato.
But get acquainted with yourself,
You are no small potato.
And though you swing a blacksmith's sledge,
Or dig within the trenches,
Hold up your head with those that sit
Upon the highest benches.
Oh, read the sages of the world
And let their wisdom win you;
But get acquainted with yourself
And find what you've got in you.

In modest arrogance of soul
Make your own valuation,
Then slowly make the sluggard world
Accept your estimation.
Go get acquainted with yourself,
Before your leaf is yellow;
You'll find the man beneath your hat
Is something of a fellow.
Then sair him out and prod him up
Before his force has fainted.
Go get acquainted with yourself,
Then make the world acquainted.

Then trust the man beneath your hat,
And, when you come to know him,
You'll find a fellow fit to grace
A rover or a poem.
Go get acquainted with yourself,
You'll find that very few are,
For tasks for which you were designed,
A better man than you are.
Young man, the books will bid you read
The seers from Kant to Plato,
But get acquainted with yourself
You are no small potato.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Boston Blobe.

THAT SATIN SLIPPER.

Amid the confusion my mantel shelf bears,
Of trophies and trinkets a bachelor guards,
Where foil crosses foil and a battered mask stares
From over the pipes and tobacco and cards;
Just there where the brush and the crop and the spurs
Hang down from the picture of Venus, who sleeps
(So dainty she well might have owned it as hers),
The tip of a tiny satin shoe peeps.
What bit of romance shall I weave you about it?
Of some Cinderella, with Prince as my part,
Or loss of a love with a woman to flout it,
And only this left as the price of a heart?
Or, tell you the truth, though it does not enfold
For me any romance of love or regret,
And say 'tis the slipper in which, I am told,
My grandmother stepped off her first minuet.
—George Buchanan Fife, in Vogue.

IN THE SWING.

Baby and I in the swing—
Now we go up and now we go down,
With never a fear and never a frown,
A cheer and a laugh as the wind shakes the curls
Of the dearest of babies and sweetest of girls.
Cheeks like the roses,
Eyes blue as the sky,
Backward and forward go baby and I;
Baby and I in the swing.

Baby and I in the swing—
Up toward the sky, down to the flowers,
Sunshine and gladness filling the hours;
Dear little hands holding fast as we ride,
Confident faith as the skies by my side,
With never a sorrow
And never a sigh,
Forward and backward go baby and I;
Baby and I in the swing.
—P. C. Huntington.

Miscellany.

SAM HOUSTON'S SAVING SMILE.

But for It His Obedient Servant Would Have Shot Him Dead.

Washington Post: A good story was told in one of the committee rooms at the Capitol the other day, touching the Senatorial career in Washington of the Hon. Sam Houston, of Texas. It was some time in the '40s, not long after Houston had come to the Senate. The great Texan was attended by a faithful black from Virginia, bearing the distinguished name of Richard Henry Lee. Richard proved himself a good body servant in all things save one. He attended faithfully to every want of his eccentric master, who was keeping bachelor's quarters; but no argument was sufficiently persuasive to induce Richard Henry Lee to keep his rooms in order. A general air of slothful neglect marked the surroundings of their domestic establishment, and time and again Houston threatened to have Ricaard thayed and his black hide hung over the backyard fence as a frightful example to all evil doers. Things ran on in this way until one day Houston returned to his rooms from the Senate and found the condition of affairs at home so bad that he determined then and there to teach his flunky a good lesson. He deliberately locked the door, and, without saying a word, crossed over to a table where he kept his pistol case, removed two pistols, loaded them, handed one to Richard, and took the other himself.

"Now, Richard Henry Lee," he began, in a low voice that forboded ill, "you stand in that corner while I take my position in this, opposite you, face to face, man to man, pistol in hand. You have betrayed my confidence and trampled upon my feelings until patience has ceased to be a virtue. I have reasoned and pleaded with you to maintain my rooms in that state of cleanliness to which, as a free-born Texan, I am accustomed, and you have basely ignored my wishes in the premises, and have gone on in your slothful, shiftless ways, without regard either to my feelings or my comfort. Now, you infernal scamp I have made up my mind to kill you. I could do so without giving you a show for your life, but absolute fairness shall distinguish the method of your taking off. Get into your place, and when I drop this red bandana handkerchief, shoot! If you kill me, so be it. I forgive you now. If I kill you, it won't make any difference anyhow. You are good for nothing, and your removal will be a blessing to society. Remember, however, that no man ever faced me with a pistol in his hand and lived to tell it."

With ashen face Richard Henry, who, despite his negligence, loved his master most devotedly, took his stand in the corner assigned him and mechanically followed Houston's motions. The Texan took a handkerchief out of his pocket, which he held aloft as a signal, and then raised his pistol with the other hand to a level with his lackey's heart.

As he did so an involuntary smile flitted across his face, and instantly Richard dropped his pistol, while his face spread out into a huge smile.

"I say, Mars Sam," he shouted in a transport of rejoicing, "I thought yo' raly meant it, but yo' was just jokin' fun at me, foramity," he added, with a sigh of relief. "It makes me shiver to think how near yo' was to death. Dat smile was all dat saved yo' life."

Houston told the story as a good joke on himself, assuring his hearers that he was positive Richard would have killed him if he had carried the joke a hair's breadth further.

GOOD ENOUGH FREAK.

The Man Who Could Really Break a Lunch-Room Teacup.

"I want an engagement," he said, as he entered the office of the museum manager.

"What's your line?" asked the manager.

"I'm a strong man," he replied, with confidence.

"The woods are full of strong men just now," said the manager, doubtfully. "I suppose you can play marbles with 100-pound cannon balls?"

"I don't know. I never tried."

"That's funny. I thought strong men usually begin with cannon balls," said the manager, in surprise. "But possibly you prefer live objects. Can you lift a horse with one hand?"

"Never tried that either."

"Well, what have you done?"

"I went into a bakery lunch-room a couple of days ago"—

"That showed great will power," interrupted the manager, "but not physical strength."

"Wait!" protested the stranger.

"I'll bet you had to," said the manager.

"I picked up one of their ordinary coffee cups," the stranger went on, without heeding the interruption, says the Chicago Post.

"Sides half an inch thick?" suggested the manager.

"Yes," admitted the stranger.

"Weighs four pounds?"

"Not an ounce less."

"If you drop it on the floor it will break the flooring?"

"Same kind of a cup."

"Well, what of it?"

"I broke it."

"Without help?"

"Did it myself."

"You're engaged."

Why They All Are.

He—Why are you so sweet?

She—I guess it is because all the men of my acquaintance persist in giving me taffy.—Truth.

BIG BOWS BENEATH THE CHIN.

The Newest Bonnets and Hats Have Very Broad, Soft Strings.

The poet may get out his pen and set his imagination to work on a ballad, the refrain of which shall be "tying her bonnet under her chin." For that is what she will soon be doing. The little velvet bands that are merely fastened with a glittering pin are becoming passe. My lady wants a change and she proposes to have it.

QUITE THE OLD STYLE.

Therefore she fastens in the back of her toque or even of her broad, trimmed hat a long, broad, soft sash-like affair of crepe or gauze, or silk of most diaphanous quality. The two ends are brought around back of her ears, and the under her chin in a big, soft bow. They are bonnet-strings and neckscarfs in one. In color they usually follow the tone of the rest of the trimming. A soft, rather narrow-brimmed, black velvet hat, trimmed with pale-yellow ostrich tips, has a pale-yellow gauze scarf, while a jet toque, blossoming with pale-blue flowers, has a couple of yards of pale-blue crepe to serve for a tie.

CALLING DOWN A CRANK.

An Incident Which Illustrates Southern Chivalry.

There is a lady living in the North somewhere who tells a dramatic story illustrative of Southern chivalry, and also of the curious survival of war-time prejudices among occasional hot-headed individuals south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The incident happened while she was making a visit in a city of Tennessee and happened to go upon an excursion to the Shell Mound of the Tennessee river, a frequent objective point of such parties. A couple of friends—ex-Northerners, but now of the South—were with her, and the party was in all perhaps fifty men, women and children. The trip included a considerable steamboat ride on the river, and one Capt. R., the agent of the excursion, acted as guide, pointing out objects of interest.

At the Shell Mound the great feature is a deep cave into which the party penetrated, armed with torches and fireworks. Sometimes the opening contracted to a narrow passage, sometimes it widened out into chambers, where the captain lit up the gloom by firing rockets into the dead blackness of the distance.

Finally they came to what was evidently the climax of interest, a sort of chamber hollowed out in the passage big enough to hold the party comfortably. The captain, preceding his convoy into this underground chamber, warned them all against falling into a big, circular hole which, as the torches lit up a little way the gloom, showed dark and treacherous nearly in the middle of the floor. An odor of sulphur hung about it, and there were yellow traces about the margin, as if it were the brimstone-stained portal of the nether world.

When all the party had straggled in and the torches were lifted high to show the yawning hole, the captain said, with the air of one repeating a remark learned once by rote and often since repeated: "And here, ladies and gentlemen, is where they dug out sulphur during the war to make gunpowder with. There was a powder factory up outside, and they dug sulphur here and made powder to kill the Yanks."

He paused a moment, then added in a lower tone, charged with a hatred he made no attempt to conceal: "An' I wish to God they'd a-killed more of 'em than they did."

Many of the group had heard similar words before. Most of them were old enough to remember the heated period of reconstruction when such talk was more common, and they would have passed the remark off with a smile as the utterances of a crank.

But before time for speech or thought the Northern woman leaped upon a projecting point of rock, her tall form quivering with excitement, her pale face gleaming in the weird light of the torches.

"If I had a gun I'd shoot you dead!" she hissed, leaning far toward the captain and pointing her finger at his startled face. "I'd shoot you like a dog for that!

"You coward!" she went on in that intense stillness of the underground world. "You speak like that of Northern men when there is here only a Northern woman to answer the insult. I'm a Yankee. But, thank God, I'm an American, too, and I pray for my whole country, North and South and East and West, that the shadow of war may never darken her again and that we may all live in peace and kindly ways. And so we might, but for brutes like you."

There was a moment's dead silence. Then the captain opened his mouth and gasped once or twice. No one looked at him. All eyes were turned on the Northern lady, still standing with outstretched finger pointed at the guide. Before he could speak again another voice arose, a voice of peculiar gentleness and sweetness and with the habitual Southern drawl.

"Hit 'pears to me, cap'n," drawled the voice—it belonged to a lean and grizzled old gentleman with the upright carriage of one who had been a soldier—"that the lady is plum' right, I fit in the war consid'ble myself, an' hit seems to me the' was too many men killed on both sides, an' it's too late now to wish for more bloodlettin', 'Pears to me, cap'n"—and his voice became if anything sweeter and lower and slower than before—"that it—mout—be—no—good—idea—for—ye—to—beg—the—lady's—pahdon; an'—that—of—the—comp'ny."

This little speech hit the chord. Southern chivalry is unfailing. Every man in the gathering added his voice in a chorus of protests, and all demanded that the captain apologize. And, naturally, he didn't want to.

But he did it.

Then the whole party filed out to upper air again, and when they separated every one shook the Northern lady's hand with particular cordiality and with many kind and gracious words, such as come straight from the hearts to the lips of Southern men and women.

And the best part of this story is that it is true, every word of it, says the New York Recorder.

She Hit One.

Mr. Blinks (after an absence)—"And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected. You are a brave little woman. What became of him?"

Mrs. Blinks—"The other burglar carried him off."

Mr. Blinks—"What other burglar?"

Mrs. Blinks—"The one I aimed at."—Puck.

Genius Surmounts All Obstacles.

Binkerton—Smart man that Senator Limberjaw—uncommonly smart man. Look how he's got on in politics!

Pilgarlic—Yes; but then you know he was born of wealthy parents, and had a university education.

Binkerton—That's so! There ain't one man in a thousand could have overcome his early disadvantages!—Puck.

IT WAS A SOFT ANSWER,

And It Turned Away Feminine Wrath.

One of those men whose vocation calls him daily to Printing House square boarded a down-town train on the Third avenue elevated road at Fifty-ninth street yesterday afternoon. He took a seat next two well-dressed, elderly women, who were intently discussing a bargain sale then going on at one of the great Sixth avenue houses. While not given to yielding under pressure what he considers his rights, the man in question is extremely careful not to encroach upon those of others says the New York Sun. He had not settled comfortably in the seat when the elderly woman at his left, without deigning to look around at him, remarked in an angry tone that could be heard half the length of the crowded car:

"I wish you would get off my cloak!"

The man promptly raised his hat, said "I beg your pardon," and stood up to allow the cloak to be withdrawn. This the woman did with a jerk, and without recognition of the man's prompt reparation of an unintentional offence. She kept her back to him, and to do this sat sideways in her seat, thus occupying fully a third of that belonging to the man. She resumed the discussion of the bargain sale, and the other passengers smiled. The man was nettled. He looked it, but said nothing.

There was a stout woman on the other side. She took up another third of his seat, and after vainly trying to open his newspaper the man contrived to stow it away again in his pocket. Then he contracted himself into the smallest possible space, and meekly read the "ads" on the opposite side of the car.

In a moment the elderly woman at his left dove her hand into her pocket, and rummaged about for something she didn't seem able to find. The man had three cigars for a half in his upper left hand vest pocket, and at every dive the woman's elbow came in vigorous contact with them, or with the man's short ribs. He got very red in the face, but the woman continued oblivious of his existence. When a more vigorous lunge than the others was followed by a crunching sound from the region of the cigars the man exclaimed:

"Madam, I will be much obliged if you will take your elbow out of my side!"

With a fine assumption of injured dignity, the woman turned upon him. At last she had deigned to recognize his existence.

"You are most insolent, sir," she said. "You have been annoying me ever since you got on this car. How dare you speak to me like that, sir?"

The monumental brass of it staggered him. Then surprise gave way to admiration, and there was a twinkle of humor in his eye as he leaned over and said in a confidential tone that was none the less heard by those about who had been watching the fun:

"You've been tickling me, madam, and I don't like it. That's why I spoke."

The look of blank dismay, the pursed-up, speechless mouth that greeted this sally showed that the battle was over, and the man had won. He had lots of room after this to read his paper, which he did with evident enjoyment until the train reached the station.

BY GRATEFUL WOMEN.

A Statue of Gen. Francis E. Spinner to be Erected in Washington.

The women of Washington are to erect a statue to the late General Francis E. Spinner, the friend and benefactor of their sex. The statue, as described by the Washington Star, is of heroic size, eight feet high, and is being executed by the sculptor, Henry J. Ellicot. Critics who have seen the work compliment it and give it high rank.

General Spinner was a pioneer in the advocacy of woman's fitness for business

PROPOSED STATUE OF GEN. SPINNER.

employment. In 1862 he appointed seven women to positions in the treasury department, some of whom are in office to-day. There are now over 5,000 women employed in the departments in Washington, and other thousands filling honorable and lucrative offices throughout the United States. Thirty years ago the work-world of woman was limited to the washtub and the sewing machine. General Spinner was once asked what he considered his greatest achievement. He replied: "The fact that I was instrumental in introducing women to employment in the offices of the government gives me more real satisfaction than all the other deeds of my life."

One thousand dollars is the sum needed to complete the statue. A stirring appeal is made by the Spinner Memorial association. Women are asked if they will not be willing to deny themselves some trifling ornament, it may be, to aid in the completion of the work. The association is about to petition Congress for permission to place the statue in the treasury grounds.

Date of the Crucifixion.

The date of the crucifixion of our Lord seems to be a "variable quantity." Volumes have been given up to its discussion. There have been as many different suppositions as there have been writers, though in almost every case the difference is only slight. In an exhaustive article in Prof. Harper's Biblical World the Rev. Arthur Wright places it a year earlier than the date usually accepted.

He studied closely all the facts and legends, and fixes it at "9 a. m. to 3 p. m. on Friday, 14th of Nisan (March 18) 29." This year would be then 1897, according to this reckoning.

Wanted to See Bella Jump.

Bobby (who has been sitting patiently half an hour)—Mr. Boomer, I wish you would pop the question to Bella.

Bella—Robert, you naughty boy, what possessed you to make so preposterous a remark?

Bobby (sulkily)—Well, anyway, ma said if he did you'd jump at the chance, and I want to see you jump.—Texas Siftings.

How About Glasses?

Marbles are made by breaking stone into small squares and then grinding them round.

MISS MIGHELL'S SULTAN LOVER.

He Sailed Away on a Gallant Bark and Left the Lady Behind.

Young women who dream rose-colored dreams of ensnaring susceptible masculine royalty ought to read the sad story of Miss Jenny Mighell and the Sultan of Johore.

Miss Mighell, in spite of her name, is a prepossessing young English person, and is the more to be pitied in the affair because, not knowing the gentleman from Johore to be a Sultan, she was not influenced by any ambitious desire to become a Sultaness. Not being familiar with the Blue Book of Johore, she did not even dream that the dark gentleman who was introduced to her as Mr. Albert Baker was none other than his Royal Highness Abubakar.

It was in 1885, and the susceptible Sultan was living in England under this assumed name. In an unhappy moment he

MISS MIGHELL, THE SULTAN'S FRIEND.

fell a victim to the charms of Miss Jenny Mighell, and under the influence of a real Oriental passion, such as is common in Johorean Sultans he proposed and was accepted.

Ah, happy Miss Mighell! and thrice happy Sultan Abubakar!

For several months the two young people billed and cooed and called each other Jenny and Albert once in a while, and a good many more interesting things between times. Miss Mighell assured Mr. Albert Baker that he was "her king," and his Royal Highness, who relishes a little joke now and then, would ask her, with a twinkle in his cool black eyes, whether she wouldn't rather have him a sultan than a king.

"Or even a maharajah?" the jovial Johorean would say.

And so they made love with much zest, but more earnest for some time; and finally, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the discovery to Miss Jenny Mighell that she was a prospective Sultaness! She was staggered at first. But she had borne up to long under the name of Mighell not to be able to recuperate quickly. She called her lover with a start that he was a Sultan in good and regular standing, and he modestly admitted that he was. Not only that, but he gave the astonished young woman to understand that the royal palace at Johore was none too good a setting for so bright a gem as she.

This was probably true. The mistake which the bedheaded Sultan made in giving Miss Jenny to understand that she should ornament the palace as soon as the painters and paperhangers were through with it, or something of that sort, was bound to lead to silence concerning his identity, and she, being doubtless aware that such a discovery if made public might get her more rivals than even a Mighell would care to stand up against, yielded. But, of course, that did not prevent her from putting a chair on the center table and practicing the art of sitting on a throne; or from graciously saluting her imaginary subjects as she stood before her mirror.

But in the midst of her roslest dreams of her sultanesque future a cruel awakening came to Miss Jenny Mighell. His Royal Highness Abubakar, whom Jenny had tenderly christened "Bubby" for short, sailed away to Johore, or some other place, and did not take his bride-to-be with him. Jenny waited in vain. Her absent Sultan did not return.

At last the wigged lawyers and Justices of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice sat on their specimens and opened the papers in the case of "Miss Jenny Mighell vs. the Sultan of Johore." It was for breach of promise, but the Oriental has declined to answer the affidavits of the lady. The lawyers put their wigs together over it, and finally it was decided that royalty may flirt to its heart's content, even to the extent of anything but a sultaness, without being bound to fulfill the promises that may be incidentally made.

And so the susceptible Sultan is still at large, making cool black eyes at whomsoever pleases his royal fancy. American girls are hereby warned against a dark gentleman with winning ways, a subtle air of royalty, and the name of Mr. Albert Baker.

A Religious Census.

A useful and interesting article appeared in the Evangelist (Presbyterian) recently, written by Rev. Dr. J. B. Shaw, one of the most successful pastors in New York. A certain district on the west side of the city was visited and a complete religious census made. Several denominations united in collecting the statistics. The number of families visited was 4, 516, divided as follows: Roman Catholics, 1,257; Episcopalians, 933; Presbyterians, 667; Lutherans, 395; Methodists, 292; Baptists, 272; Congregationalists, 30; Dutch Reformed, 40; mixed denominations, 62; Jews, 142; Infidel, 1; Socialist, 1; Greek, 1; Buddhist, 1; Christadelphian, 1; 187 would give no information, and 288 declared that they had no preference.

Commenting on this, the Outlook (Congregationalist) says: "We desire to emphasize again what we have already called attention to in the past, that our churches and ministers lose very much from not having an accurate knowledge of the field they are working. The churches in every community ought to unite in making a careful inductive study of the localities in which they are situated as a condition of the most efficient Christian work."

Reaching the People.

The problem of the masses until solved will continue to be what the French call a "burning question." Not only in our country is this so, but the world over. When the Oedipus who shall solve this sphinx-problem comes upon the scene the immortality of his name and fame will be assured. "Half a loaf is better than no bread" at all," and the results show that one mission chapel in a non-church-going section of a city makes its presence known and felt. East London is such a section, for only one in every one hundred of the population ever goes to a church, or chapel. The Oxford House is such a mission, because it is located in East London and doing a grand work. It is rather an "institution" than a chapel. It appeals to the body as well as to the soul. From the multiplication of this kind of work in all the great cities and from the success which always attends its efforts, it is a reasonable conclusion that this is the nearest yet towards a solution of the problem.

Organ and Hose.

Among the things ordered recently in Paris by the Persian Shah are an organ and a garden hose. This is true Eastern luxury, observes Modern Society. It is only such a monarch who can afford to play on an organ grinder. With us, the matter stops at the longing.

A Drummer.

Little Boy—Who was that man who's been talking to you so long?

Country Merchant—He's a drummer.

Little Boy—What sort of drums does he drum on?

Country Merchant—Ear drums.—Good News.

Apropos.

Teacher—Every animal you see or read about must inevitably bring to the mind some thought. Now, what do you think, Thomas, when you read about a centipede?

Pupil—I think how well calculated it is to shine in comic opera.—Boston Transcript.

Physiognomy.

"Do you approve of this museum business?" queried the man who had bought a photograph and biography.

"Well, I give countenance to it, of course," rejoined the dog-faced boy.—Detroit Tribune.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BROTHER.

When Marion Clayton looked up, the doctor's horse was ambling along the road. The sun's level rays tipped the hill tops. Far down the road a cloud of dust forewarned her of the approach of a solitary horseman. Standing there shading her eyes with her hand Marion beheld the solitary traveler nearing the doctor. She could see the doctor reining in his horse as he approached the traveler, who checked his steed.

The exchanges evidently were brief; the traveler resumed his journey, spurring forward to make up for lost time. The doctor turned to look at him as he continued on his way at his usual pace.

Now Marion distinguished the uniform of an officer as the horseman neared her. Long before he reached the entrance to the carriage way she recognized her brother. Hastening down the walk she advanced to welcome him, holding out a hand joyfully.

"Sydney, this is unexpected."

"Rather," said Sydney Clayton, as he led his horse a few steps, then relinquished them to the care of a black boy that seemed to rise out of a bush near the carriage way.

"Father is well—when did you see him last?"

"O! he is well. We are both well—thanks to the imperative orders that detained me at Richmond when everybody else was permitted to share in the fight. That's what comes of a 'favored' position. Highly favored! Compelled to remain on duty in the department in Richmond because a Cabinet officer fancied he was placing my father under special obligations to him. But it's all over now. I told father I would not remain another day at Richmond."

"Sydney!"

"You don't know anything about it, Marion. No girl can be expected to. What do I care for the honor a non-combatant attains, and practically a man mewed up in an office in Richmond, or Washington, is a noncombatant. I want to see some fighting."

"But father would prefer to have some one near him that he could trust in. I know he trusts you implicitly—and, beside, are you quite sure he did not advise your appointment?"

"It is all the same, so far as I am concerned. I am not going to be cooped up in Richmond. Anybody can perform my duties—that is my ultimatum—and don't you interfere with it. What is this story I hear about Norton?"

"The question was so abrupt that Marion's manner betrayed her. As she looked at him wonderingly, he continued quickly: "I see by your face it is true. Now tell me just what it means. Don't try to keep anything back."

"What do you refer to, Sydney? What have you heard?"

"I did not ride out of my way over here to waste time talking."

"Where are you going?—are you not going home?"

"That depends. I am on my way to camp. Well, you do not speak."

"Will you not come into the house?"

"I will see what you have that is eatable—I shan't refuse anything that an empty stomach can hold. I have been in the saddle a good while—I am ravenous."

"When they were well in the house, Marion left him to order the servants to hasten the evening meal. When she re-entered the sitting room Sydney, who was looking at the pictures, whirled around.

"Now we are alone. What is there in this yarn?"

"If you will tell me what you have heard, Sydney——"

Her brother straightened himself, bestowed a keen glance upon her, and twisted his mustache.

"It won't work, Marion. You never could throw dust in my eyes. Why do you try it? You know what I refer to. This thing of Norton prowling around here, inviting the noose. I know there are grounds for something of that sort. I knew it was true the moment I saw you instead of Caroline. Where is she? You may as well take me into your confidence. It will reflect upon your common sense if facts come to me through other channels—as they will. Why, even the niggers know it."

"All this time I am ignorant of the facts you refer to." Marion met his wondering look with a steadfast gaze that baffled her brother. If Lacy Norton has returned here I have not seen him. His sister's absence, so far as I know, has no connection with her brother's movements, whatever they may be. Caroline's actions are unaccountable. I am not sure that she is responsible for her actions. Ever since the news of the battle came to her she has been unlike herself."

"You tell me you do not know where she is! That she did not take you into her confidence!" Her brother's looks expressed doubt more plainly than his words.

"I know absolutely nothing about her. I have been the prey of all manner of anxiety and forebodings," said Marion as she passed her handkerchief over her eyes nervously. "I have an idea she is in the camp or near it. She left here in the night, alone. She seemed so bent on searching for Lieutenant Mason and his father, that she told me she would not be afraid to visit the battlefield. I thought she spoke without reflection. I was uneasy about her all night. When I came here the servants were bewildered—she left the house alone—that is all I know concerning Caroline."

Sydney whistled as he paced the floor. "You don't think she met Norton by appointment, and went to Washington with him? You know he was here—you have heard that he was here—in this house?"

"The only thing I heard I deemed incredible. I dismissed it from my mind as unworthy credence."

"And what was that?" inquired Sydney eagerly.

"One of the old freedmen, Hannibal told me he thought he saw Norton looking out of a window early in the morning."

"Why did you not tell me that at first?"

"Because I could not believe it possible."

"And you are now under the impression that Hannibal is the person who originated the report? I thought you knew better Marion. Did it never occur to you that a close watch on this house was deemed necessary? That the Confederate government has good reason to note the movements of everybody in and about it. Well, I can tell you that I am not indebted to Hannibal for the report that reached me while I was on my way here."

"I am glad it is so—I charged poor Hannibal to be silent, although I could not credit his statement."

"So then you disclaim all knowledge of this mysterious visit that was reported to the authorities in Richmond. The report must have reached there soon after my departure, judging from the manner in which the story reached me."

"I do," said Marion firmly. "I disclaim all knowledge of Lacy Norton's return to his house—I repeat, I do not think there is an atom of truth in the story."

"How about this Yankee you are nursing? Don't you think your time would be better employed waiting upon some of our poor fellows?"

"If the opportunity presented, I would be only too glad to attend to any one who was wounded fighting for his country. The man you refer to was at death's door seemingly. The officer in charge of the wounded considered his case hopeless."

"It is to be hoped he was correct."

"Sydney!"

"I am not a woman! If I had my way I would bury every Yankee so deep that they could never hear Gabriel's bugle. Don't look so horror-stricken. I mean precisely what I say."

"Doubtless there are those opposed to you who will say the same thing Sydney. I think it is dreadful, wicked, blasphemy to talk as you do. But is there to be no mercy shown to those who fall in battle? Think. If you were wounded, and in the hands of strangers. Would not the promptings of common humanity—"

"That will do Marion. No preaching if you please. I am not in a mood to listen to it. I would much rather learn something concerning the visit of that double-dyed traitor, Norton. If you have anything to eat let me have it. In the meantime where is this damned Yankee? I want to look at him."

"I will not permit you to see him, Sydney, if you do not curb your temper."

"Pooh! You know I would not take advantage of a sick man. Which room is he in?"

His sister resolutely placed herself before him, saying, "I will lead the way."

Sydney gazed long and earnestly at the face of the man fortune placed under his sister's care. The soldier was sleeping soundly again. The deadly pallor of his face, and his white hands impressed Sydney Clayton unfavorably. When he left the room he volunteered the opinion that in all probability his sister's services would not be required long. The doctor had passed long enough to predict a speedy termination of the soldier's sufferings. Marion listened in silence. After all, it only confirmed her worst apprehensions.

"You don't want to be bothered any more if he dies," said Sydney as he seated himself at the table. "You must send some of the servants to the hospital. It is their business to look after these things. You will have done your share—and more."

His sister marveled that sectional prejudice should dull her brother's sympathies. She pictured her brother lying neglected in a Northern state, dying among strangers and his remains disposed of as though he were an animal unworthy the least consideration.

"There now, I've shocked you again. I can see it. Well, as I said before, I am not a woman. I am full of fight. I leave you women to distribute the sentiment. And now, a word about Norton. I've told you enough to put you on your guard. You can't be too careful. You know what father will say if you permit yourself to be complicated in the slightest manner with the case. I propose investigating the matter on my own account. If Caroline's absence is not speedily accounted for your stay here will be very brief. I shall give father a detailed statement—he will expect it under the circumstances."

He was riding away with the satisfaction creature comforts give to the young, when he tightened his rein and looked around at Marion. "By the way, I take it for granted that you will not a whole night's sleep nursing that fellow up there. You will see that some of the servants attend to him, quite as a matter of course."

Marion was silent. He frowned, was on the point of speaking again, reconsidered, sunk the bowels into his horse and rode away in the dusk without attempting to conceal his anger.

Marion's apprehensions were increased ten-fold when she pondered over her brother's words. He was so positive; the grounds upon which the espionage Norton's house was subjected to were so manifest that it did not surprise her when she learned that the rumor that Norton was gone, in his own house was spread by these who had access to official reports. The old freedman's vision was keener, more reliable than she had thought. And yet she could not bring herself to believe that Lacy Norton would risk his own life by returning even if the action were divested of the hazardous features which attended it. If the way was open to him, none knew better than he the risks Caroline would be subjected to. The dangers were sufficiently great now since it was necessary to surround the property abandoned, and now controlled by Caroline with safeguards.

Marion endeavored in vain to reconcile the rumors with the well known traits of the brother and sister. No power on earth could shake her faith in the integrity or courage of Caroline, and her faith in the brotherly affection Lacy Norton entertained for his sister was undiminished.

And yet throughout the long night watch she imposed upon herself despite her brother's last charge (that was more like a command), she was a prey to doubts and fears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LETTER.

"It is out of the usual order, general."

"I know it. But the secretary has not returned, and I am desirous of expediting matters. I have promised Miss Maxwell that I will exert my influence."

"You have done that, Moorhead. You will have an order from me, but if you get another from the secretary either will serve the purpose. You have anticipated this by communicating with the other side?"

"No definite plan has been arranged. We may experience some—considerable difficulty—in carrying out my young friend's project. An order from you will help, if it does not clear the way of all obstacles."

The President was sitting in his favorite attitude, with one leg crossed over the other, his head slightly bowed and inclined to one side. He turned his head, looked out of a window, then reached for a pen, wrote a few words upon a paper, and handed it to the representative. Gen. Moorhead glanced over it.

"I am indebted to you, Mr. President, for this ——"

"Pooh! The obligations are all the other way, Moorhead. However, to avoid mistakes or confusion, let the people in the war department know it. I have been trying to keep my hand out of business of this nature since Mrs. Horto was turned back upon us. Had I advised the secretary when I wrote the first order, there would have been no difficulty. She passed through the lines, and either destroyed the order, or gave it to some one. When the officer of the guard found her near the lines half an hour later, and she pretended she had lost the paper, he very naturally brought her in again. That woman has pestered me more than a brigade—or division, I am glad we are rid of her. I told Cameron she was ten times more dangerous here than she can be on the other side."

"I shall certainly call at the war department," the general replied. "Perhaps they may help me find the other side of the ford—this only shows us the other side of the creek; it don't quite take us over." The stalwart representative from Pennsylvania who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Lincoln in a peculiar degree, and whose relations with the then secretary of war were very close smiled as he rose. He was in the act of bowing himself out of the President's room when a card was placed before the President.

"One minute Moorhead. It's Curtin. If you can spare the time."

The general sat down. The governor entered the same instant. The exchanges were brief but business-like, cordial and grave. Matters of paramount importance and requiring careful deliberation as well as immediate consideration occupied them half an hour; at the end of that time Gen. Moorhead was on the point of withdrawing, when Governor Curtin prevailed upon him to wait until he digested the contents of a letter he had received that morning. He handed the missive to the general, requesting him to read it aloud.

"What's this?" said Moorhead as he ran his eyes down the sheet, turned it and looked at the governor, "from Norton, the fellow that—"

"Read it," said the governor pleasantly. "Then I will listen to what you both have to say." Whereupon Gen. Moorhead without further prelude read the following letter:

"In Prison, July —, 1861.

"I appeal to you, sir, because you are recognized as the most active among the governors of the states contributing men and means to preserve the Union, and because circumstances prevent me from invoking the aid of any considerable number of men representing my native state, possessing the confidence of the administration. I am, as you may be aware, a native of Virginia. I have sacrificed my property, the respect and good will of my former associates, severed by my own act, voluntarily, ties of kindred. My sole motive was to assist in perpetuating the Union. I did not seek rank or other reward than such reflections as must sweeten the rest of a man who obeys the strongest prompting of his conscience. My life, since I entered Washington, penniless but willing to serve the government in any capacity, is open to all men. Accident placed me in a position that enabled me to serve the government in the field. My associates—those who know me best and in whom I place the greatest reliance—are Pennsylvanians, men whom you have appointed, or who owe their places to your favor. I address you directly, however, instead of applying to my recent associates, for two reasons. I do not know that I will be granted the privilege of communicating with them freely, and my pride prompts me to rely upon my own resources, trusting to the merits of my case to insure me speedy acquittal of the charges brought against me, and ample reparation for the injustice of which I am now a helpless victim.

"I can only surmise the nature of the charges. The treatment I have been subjected to is such as warrants the inference that I am regarded as one capable of resorting to the basest practices traitors to the government adopt. I am denied books, writing material all means of communicating with the world, save in this instance. This letter, written in the presence of an officer, and which will be read before it is sealed, is to be delivered to you at an early hour. It is written in the belief that a man who has given the world such evidence as I have of my integrity and singleness of purpose will not be permitted to languish in prison when an appeal is made to you to investigate his case. I address you as a citizen who demands an immediate hearing. I demand to be brought face to face with my accusers, to be given the opportunity to demonstrate my innocence—the privilege the constitution grants to the humblest citizen. Time and opportunity offering, I trust I will be in a position soon to characterize, in the language it deserves, the treatment I have been, and am now subjected to. I could, were I so disposed, enumerate the names of men whose political and social standing, whose knowledge of all the circumstances attending my entrance into the service of the government would insure my speedy enlargement if their attention was called to my case. I prefer rather to stand upon the footing of the most obscure man who has carried a gun and knapsack, believing that the government that fails to respond promptly to the plea of the humblest citizen to do justice to him and protect him in his rights is not worth fighting for or preserving. I remain,

"Respectfully,

"LACY NORTON."

"Captain Co. I. — Vols.

"Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania."

General Moorhead removed his spectacles with one hand, pushed his hair back, squared himself in his seat, and looked from the governor to the President, as he placed the letter on the table, saying with a grim smile:

"There is a pretty loud snapper on the end of that whip."

"That reminds me of a case I had—one of my first," said the President. "A fellow named Saunders gave his mother-in-law a couple of shoats. She was moving, or something prevented the immediate acceptance of the pigs, and she asked Saunders to keep them awhile. He cultivated his mother-in-law's good will to that extent, but a family quarrel arose, and social exchanges suddenly ceased. Simultaneously with the severance of good will the mother of the shoats and eight or nine pigs disappeared. It was near killing time. Saunders suspected his pigs were lying in his mother-in-law's pork barrel, but it was difficult to prove it. While hostilities between the families were progressing, he found one of the shoats—then a good-sized hog—he had presented to his wife's mother, on the road. It was in evidence that he killed it, and when his pork barrel was examined, under warrant, they found more meat than one hog would make. The mother-in-law swore that she had lost the other grown-up shoat; it was alleged that Saunders, in revenge for the loss of his pigs, had stolen both the widow's shoats, and the fact that he was seen killing one of them, prejudiced his case. He was convicted, and compelled to pay the costs and the value of the shoats. Some of his friends sympathized with him, deeply—the truth was surmised by most people. But Saunders disclaimed any hard feelings on account of the verdict. It isn't the loss of my pork or the money that worries me," said Saunders, "it's the blamed humiliation of having a mother-in-law so poor she had no way to raise a couple of shoats. Norton's chief concern appears to be deep regret over the weakness of the government."

The laugh that greeted his anecdote was silenced by the President's brief comment.

"I shall make it my business to revive Norton's faith in the government at the earliest opportunity," said the governor with flushed cheeks, as his hand fell heavily upon the open letter.

"The man that wrote that is a good citizen, and is full of fight," said the President. "I wish some of my generals were like him. There is ginger enough in that letter to supply a campaign. What are you going to do about it, Curtin?"

"I will ask you, here and now, to give me an order authorizing a special inquiry into Norton

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Stirring Contributions From Gens. Fitzhugh Lee and Thomas Jordan, and Others—Fourth Number.

Told by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

The armies of General Grant and Lee had been furiously fighting in the jungle of the wilderness, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, on May 5 and 6, 1864. Grant could not deploy his battalions, and had but one or two alternatives, viz.: Retreat, or flank Lee's position. He decided upon the latter and determined by a rapid flank movement to seize the important position of Spottsylvania C. H., 15 miles southeast of the battlefield and that much nearer to Richmond, the objective point of his campaign. His intention was quickly divined by his opponent. Longstreet's corps, under General R. H. Anderson, Longstreet having been wounded the day before—was ordered to move rapidly to the same point. The Federal and Confederate columns were racing on parallel roads, and in order to increase the chances of the Southerners, reaching the coveted position first I was ordered to throw my cavalry in front of the columns of Grant, harass at every step their advance and retard in every possible way their march. In and around Todd's tavern, and from that point to the court house the fighting was incessant—first between the cavalry of the two armies, and afterwards between my mounted and dismounted cavalry and the van of Warren's corps.

"QUICK AS LIGHTNING HE DREW HIS KNIFE."

Anderson won the race by perhaps half an hour. After a prolonged obstinate resistance, at one of the points of the route by my dismounted cavalry against Warren's infantry, my troops were instructed to fall back and occupy another position a mile to their rear.

Major James Breathed, commanding my horse artillery, remained behind and by my order, placed a single gun in position on a little knoll. As the enemy's infantry were marching in column through a piece of woods, and the object was to fire upon the head of the column, as it debouched, to give the idea that a further advance would again be contested, and to compel them to develop a line of battle with skirmishers thrown out, etc. The delay which it was hoped to occasion by such demonstration was desirable. Under Major Breathed's personal superintendence, shells were thrown, and burst exactly in the head of the column as it debouched. The desired effect was obtained; the leading troops were scattered, and it was only with some difficulty a line of battle with skirmishers in its front was formed to continue the advance. I was sitting on my horse near Breathed, and directed him to withdraw his gun, but he was so much elated with his success that he begged to be allowed to give the enemy some more rounds. He fired until their line got so close that you could hear them calling out, "Surrender that gun, you rebel scoundrel." Breathed's own horse had just been shot. The cannoneers jumped on their horses, expecting of course the gun to be captured, and retreated rapidly down the hill. Breathed was left alone. He limbered up the gun and jumped on the lead horse. It was shot from under him. Quick as lightning he threw his knife, cut the leaders out of the harness, and sprang upon a middle horse. It was also shot under him just as he was turning to get into the road. He then severed the harness of the middle horses, jumped upon one of the wheel horses, and again made a desperate attempt to save his gun. The ground was open between the piece and woods; the enemy had a full view of his exploit, and Breathed at last dashed off unharmed, miraculously escaping through a shower of bullets.

FITZHUGH LEE.

Told by Gen. Thomas Jordan.

During the war I recall a signal instance of true courage. Gen. Forrest received several complaints from the captain of one of his artillery companies regarding the conduct of a young officer on the score of deficient courage. Finally he felt compelled to issue an order relieving the young man from duty with that company; but out of regard for his feelings no mention was made in the order of the general's reason for issuing it. There could be no doubt in the officer's mind, however, as to his commander's reasons for this step, and Gen. Forrest was well aware that the young man understood.

He was therefore rather surprised to receive a visit shortly afterwards from this same officer, and he asked for an explanation. In angry tones the officer demanded to know on what grounds the order had been issued. The man evidently meant mischief. His right hand was in his coat pocket, and the general was unarmed and alone, but he did not flinch. "Because, sir, you have been reported by your commanding officer repeatedly for cowardice," he said. With that he turned to go, but had not moved a few paces before the man shot him down. A surgeon was close by and examined the wound. He found that the ball had entered the spine. "I recommend you to settle your affairs, general," **he said; "you have** not long to live."

Forrest had been lying in a dazed condition on the ground, apparently helpless. When the surgeon had uttered these words he jumped up and rushed to pursue his assassin. Disabled as he was, the fleeing man could not escape him.

Gen. Forrest caught him and killed him with a penknife, the only weapon in his possession, although the man had several barrels of his revolver still loaded.

Another instance of bravery that I noticed on many occasions during the bombardment of Fort Sumter was the replacing of the flag. After the works on Ellis island had fallen into the hands of the Federals, the fire on Fort Sumter, which was within easy range, became quick and continuous.

So hot did the cannonading become that it was not an unusual thing for the flag on the lofty staff at the end of the fort to be shot away. Whenever this happened the men vied with each other in being first to replace it. They would expose themselves to a shower of missiles, and then one of their number would climb up the flagstaff and replace the colors.

THOMAS JORDAN.

Told by Dr. John T. Nagel.

The bravest deed within my recollections of the war was performed by a member of the dismounted cavalry, whose name I do not remember. The deed was one which was carried out under peculiarly trying conditions.

I was at the time surgeon-in-chief of the dismounted cavalry under Col. Young (now of the 4th U. S. Cavalry), who fell, seriously wounded, at the battle of Kernstown, a few days after the event to which my story relates.

The exact date of the incident was July 18, 1864. Our regiment formed part of the advance thrown out by Gen. Wright from his corps, which numbered 12,000 men. The advance was composed of a brigade, under Gen. Thoborn.

The enemy, under Gen. Rhodes, consisting of an entire division, proved too much for our inferior numbers. We were forced to retreat.

The Federal position was on the same side of a river—the Rappahannock, I think—as the rebels; with the unfortunate feature that we were between the enemy and the stream, which was, however, fordable. The opposite bank rose in undulating slopes, where to retreat was to be in safety. Facing us was open country, with a good deal of wooded ground on our right. Among the trees were the hospital tents.

By the time that our forces were beginning to waver before the enemy daylight had partly given way. The enemy made a determined assault and broke through our line, parting it in the middle. The left section was somehow overlooked by them, and they concentrated their forces to the task of driving our right into the river. This was accomplished. Many reached the other shore in safety, but hundreds were drowned in the deep holes that abounded there, and many more fell victims to the scathing fire of shot and shell that the enemy poured into us.

Being in charge of the wounded it was my duty to convey them early in the combat to a place of safety across the river. While there I witnessed the deed of bravery which I wish to record.

When our men began to retreat across the water it was noticed that one of the regiments on our left had left its colors on the field. They could be plainly seen from an elevated position. A dismounted cavalryman who had crossed over saw them.

Without a word, he calmly reforded the river, and deliberately walked between the lines of fire to regain possession of the trophy which would, a few minutes later, have fallen into the enemy's hands. The balls whizzed around him, but he never hesitated in his resolve to save the colors. By a miracle he escaped unhurt.

We saw him pick the precious draperies from the ground and wind them around his body. Then, as deliberately as he had gone to their rescue, he walked back again, passed safely through the hail of bullets and recrossed the river.

I was called away to attend my patients at that moment. There was more work for me than I could dispose of. The opportunity of identifying my hero had gone, and I was unable to find him afterwards. But the colors were saved. They belonged to the 170th Ohio regiment.

JOHN T. NAGEL.

Told by Capt. John S. Wise.

Lieutenant Barksdale Warwick, as brave a young officer as the Confederates could boast, was only 19 at the time he met his death in April, 1865. It was then that the Union troops broke our lines at Petersburg, and at the same time assaulted the Confederate right at Burgess Mills. My father's command was stationed at the latter place.

Imagine one of those typical Southern sawmills; the forest of trees all about it, with a swamp in the background. The opposing forces had a long and desperate fight for the mastery of this position, but our men had finally to give way before overwhelming numbers. They had stood for some time blazing away into each other's faces. On our side, it was a question of reinforcements and desperate charge. Just then Lieut. Warwick ran over to my father, and with a bright smile on his face, said: "General, let us charge them." "Order the charge, my brave boy," said my father; and Warwick with drawn sword leaped upon top of one of the saw logs surrounding the mill. With words half way out of his mouth and sword cut the air, he was struck in the center of the forehead. He sunk as gently as a child going to sleep, to a sitting position, his head leaning backwards on the log and sword still in hand, and there they left him when our troops fell back a few moments later.

Lieut. Warwick had a devoted servant who had followed him from his home in Richmond, through the entire campaign, and was the cook for the brigade staff. This man was holding the staff horses on the road in rear of the position. Our men fell back. My father and his surviving staff returned to the horses, and Warwick's man, alarmed and distressed, asked my father anxiously for news of his master.

General Wise told him in brief words what had happened. "He is lying there," he added pointing in the direction of the mills. Instead of making his retreat before the oncoming enemy, the black boy left his horse and threw himself into a ditch near by. The Union troops passed over him in pursuit of our forces, either not noticing him, or not caring for him if they saw him.

When it became safe to do so, the servant quietly made his way to the mills and found his master's body. He took away the watch, trinkets and valuables, and then buried his master, marking the grave as best he could. He made his way back to Richmond and delivered the valuables to poor Warwick's mother.

I met this same man not long ago in the Pennsylvania R. R. depot, Jersey City. He was employed as a porter in the Pullman service.

We leaned up against a baggage van and talked about war times; and I wonder if the possess by had any idea that we were two old reba. I was mighty glad to see Jim Christian, and I believe it was reciprocated.

Many a man with a white skin is not a thousanth part the devoted friend he proved himself to be.

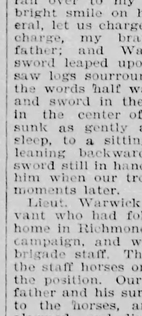
JOHN S. WISE.

Aged Poetesses.

Of the poetesses now living the most gifted are Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti. Both these distinguished women are over sixty years of age. Neither is prolific in song. Miss Rossetti is understood to be mucn of an invalid, and is scarcely ever seen in society. She has, however, just issued a small volume of "verses."

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent nurse of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I was cured by



Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead."**

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, billousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Special Notice!

We are receiving questions faster than we can answer them in the space at our disposal. We wish to answer all queries which do not contravene the rules given above, but we are getting behind-hand. We have still on hand some queries which reached us in December. Especially do we ask that only ONE question be sent. This rule was established because the Bureau was being overwhelmed with questions. Please observe it strictly.

The Canon of Scripture.

A. E. J., Plymouth, Vt.: It is impossible in the space at our command to try to answer your question fully. With regard to the Old Testament, it is believed that in the time of Ezra its books were collected, but they were not—and are not now, among the Jews—in the order we have them. This order was that followed by the Greek-speaking Jews, was preserved in the Septuagint, and followed ever since. The Septuagint was a translation of the Old Testament into Greek, which was done at Alexandria. It contains not only the books we now include in the Old Testament, but most of the Apocrypha. The final decision on the Old Testament canon was made by the Council of Trent, in 1546, which embraced not only the books we call the Old Testament, but all of the Apocrypha except 1st and 2d Esdras and the Prayer of Manasses; and this is the canon of the Roman Catholic Bible to-day. The Protestant churches, however, unanimously agree with St. Jerome in not allowing any doctrinal authority to the Apocrypha, hence is not included in Protestant Bibles.

There was much dispute in the early Christian centuries as to what books were to be received as part of the New Testament. Eusebius, the historian, in the early part of the fourth century prepared a catalogue of the New Testament books, in which he regarded as authentic the 4 gospels, Acts, 13 or 14 epistles of Paul, 1 John and 1 Peter, and Revelations, of actually written by John. Among the books he enumerated James and Jude, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, Hebrews, and Revelations, if not written by John. He rejected the epistle of Barnabas, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Revelations of Peter, the Acts of Paul, the Gospels of Peter, Thomas and Matthias, the Acts of Andrew, Peter, and other apostles, etc. The Council of Carthage accepted the canon of the New Testament as it now stands.

Iron Ore Shipments.

G. V., Elk Creek, Cal.: The statements regarding the iron ore industry in the clippings you send us are untrue. The statement is correct that the ore in the Mesaba range lies near the surface, and needs little but shoveling to get it out; but it takes time to develop a mine, and the product of this Mesaba range was very small last year, as compared with the other Lake Superior mines. There is no telling as yet how great the deposits are, though they are without doubt very large. The following table gives the number of tons of iron ore shipped the last two years from the Lake Superior region, and the figures are official:

	1893.	1892.
Marquette	1,829,053	2,603,856
Menominee	1,466,197	2,221,499
Gogebic	1,929,464	2,973,993
Vermillion	820,621	1,107,670
Mesaba	613,620	4,245
Totals	6,658,955	9,074,243

Common Schools.

P. M., Hilliard, Mich.: The first schools established in this country were not free public schools, but "free grammar schools" in which Latin was taught, and which were in part supported by the town or benevolent individuals, and in part by tuition money, were established in Charles City, Va., in 1621, in Boston in 1636, in New Haven in 1638, in Salem in 1645, and in most New England towns within a few years after their settlement. The first free common school of our time was of New England origin, though it is undecided whether Massachusetts or Connecticut first established them. Acts for popular education were passed by Massachusetts in 1642 and 1643. A town school was established in Hartford prior to 1642, supported by the town treasury, and in 1643 a law was passed for common schools. New Hampshire and Vermont followed the example very shortly.

The Greek Church.

D. P. R., Vancouver, Wash.: The Greek church is that part of the Christian church which adheres only to the doctrinal decrees of the first seven ecumenical councils, or up to A. D. 787. There were doctrinal differences between the Eastern (Constantinople) and the Western (Rome) churches, which ended in a final separation. The Eastern church is called the Greek church, and its chief is the patriarch of Constantinople. It holds the doctrines of seven sacraments, of the sacrifice of the mass, of the veneration of the Virgin Mary, saints, images and relics; of the meritoriousness of fasting and other works, to monasticism and ecclesiastical hierarchy, with the Roman pontiff as infinite of less difference are: It disavows the authority of the Pope, administers the Lord's Supper in both kinds, denies purgatory, prays for the dead; maintains that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father through the Son, while the Roman church holds that the Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son; and it allows its priests to marry.

A Toledo Tax Case.

O. L. C., Carey, O., writes: "I have seen it stated that in a tax case before Judge Baxter, of the United States Circuit court, it was made to appear that real estate in Toledo was assessed at 30 per cent of its real value; that the court decided that personal property could not be legally assessed at a higher value, and that the decision was subsequently affirmed by the United States Supreme court. How is this?"

The case referred to is that of the First National bank of Toledo and others, vs. the treasurer of Lucas county. It may be found in the Federal Reporter, vol. 25, page 745. In this case it did not appear that real estate in Toledo was assessed at 30 per cent of its real value, but at 60 per cents of its actual value; and the court held that, in assessing both real and personal property, there must be uniformity; that assessing real estate at sixtenths of its value and bank stock or personal property at seven-tenths, is not uniformity, and that such discrimination is illegal.

A Falsehood.

J. B. M., Ord, Mo., writes: "One of my neighbors makes the statement that Germany has a system of loaning money to individuals at 2 per cent a year, and if the interest is paid promptly for seven years the principal is canceled."

The statement is incorrect, of course. It is not part of the government's functions to be a money lender, any more than to be a grocer or baker. No government in the world loans money to its people. You should not send us such a question until you have made him show its truth. A man making a statement of that sort should be able to prove it; and if he can not, you can safely assume it to be false.

Lincoln's Authority.

"Butler," Brookline, Mo., asks "On what section of the constitution did Lincoln base his right to issue the Emancipation Proclamation?"

There was in the constitution no specific authority for the step, except that in time of war it is the duty of the government to take all possible steps to maintain itself. The proclamation was a wise measure, justified by the conditions existing, and supported by the moral sentiment of the nation. Please read carefully the "Special Notice" given above, and observe it.

Internal Revenue Receipts

H. E. B., Ossian, Ind.: For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, the total internal revenue receipts of the United States were:

Distilled liquors	$ 94,712,028
Fermented liquors	32,527,424
Tobacco	31,840,576
Oleomargarine	1,670,643
Penalties	926,120
Total	$160,926,130

Railways of the United States.

R. B., Burr Oak, Mich.: The nearest we can come to answering your question is this table, the totals being for all the railroads in the United States:

Capital stock	$ 4,020,555,225
Funded debt	5,463,011,204
Unfunded debt	285,831,888
Current accounts	418,935,289
Total liabilities	$11,088,933,606

Old Coins.

W. S. W., Grant City, Mo.: A silver dollar of 1800 is worth $1.50.

M. M. H.: There is no premium on the silver dime of 1830 or 1838. The silver dime of 1860 without stars has no premium; with stars, it is worth 25 cents.

There is no premium on the silver half-dollar of 1828.

The A. P. A.

C. C., Jacksonville, Ill., asks: "Who are the A. P. A.'s that I read and hear so much talk about?"

You will find the first public statement of the principles of that secret order, the American Protective Association, in the Weekly Blade of Feb. 1, seventh page, top of fourth column.

Lafayette's Grant.

G. W. L., writes that the tract of land which was granted to Lafayette by Congress was located in Florida.

Miscellaneous.

J. G. B., Holtonville, Ind.: We have no means of finding out.

J. B. J., Bad Axe, Mich.: The answer is, the statement is a lie.

"Globe," Kirwin, Kas.: We can not find the quotation you ask for.

J. R. A., Hammond, Neb.: See "Impeachment," in Bureau of Useful Reading, January 25.

A. L. B., Lamar, Mo.: The "apple of the eye" is the pupil. See "Special Notice" above.

A. A., Lowell, O.: Australian wool is of different qualities, but the great bulk of it is much coarser than do we wear.

N. C. H., Sewickley, Pa.: The right of Secretary Carlisle to issue bonds is discussed in to-day's issue, 4th page. Please read "Special Notice" above.

G. W. L., Otterbein, Ind.: The original monitor foundered in a storm off Cape Hatteras before that war was ended, and went to the bottom with all on board.

C. H. A., Oregon City, Ore.: It is like seeking a needle in a haystack to try to find a poem published years ago, in our files. Unless you can give dates, we can not undertake it.

J. H., Putnerville, Pa.: Bolivia formerly bordered on the Pacific, and had three seaports, of which Cobija was the largest. But she does not now touch the Pacific, and hence has no seaport.

G. H., Woodland, Cal.: There were no bonds issued by the government "in consequence of the panic of 1873." Why should the government issue bonds in consequence of a panic?

B. H., Newbern, Tenn.: President Lincoln never issued a proclamation offering to allow the seceded states to return and retain their slaves. You can safely contradict any such statement whenever you hear it.

XXX, Waterville, O.: There are about 600,000 men in the labor unions affiliated with the Federation of Labor, and about 200,000 in the Knights of Labor. Your question about capitalists is impossible to answer. Please read carefully the "Special Notice" above.

Reader, Bronson, Fla.: The essential oil of lemons is found only in the yellow part of the rind. This can be separated by powder, or the grated yellow part of the rind can be soaked in water for 24 hours, then put in a still and the oil distilled over.

C. F. K., Drake, Mo.: Rose Standish was the wife of Capt. Miles Standish, who was one of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. Rose died January 29, 1621, only a little over a month after the landing at Plymouth. A tradition says his second wife, Barbara, was a younger sister of Rose.

Mrs. F. B., Reynolds, Idaho: The Union attack on the Confederate intrenchments at Cold Harbor lasted about 20 minutes, and the total loss was 7,000 killed and wounded. It was, probably, one of the "bloodiest repulses of the war," but whether the most bloody we can not say.

C. R. A., Bedford, Ind.: As we understand it, the "free zone" of Mexico is a term for the public land, called free because that few, if any, haciendas or pueblos exist there. It is the northern part of the republic, and comprises parts of the states of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Durang, Sinaloa, and Sonora.

C. P. F., Odessa, Mich.: A "crofter" is a man who rents a croft. A "croft" is a piece of land on which a humble dwelling and it; the land is used either for tillage or for cattle-raising. A crofter is thus a tenant farmer on a small scale. Please read "Special Notice" above.

J. B., Bissell, Pa.: Stick licorice is made by grinding licorice roots to a powder, soaking the powder for 24 hours or more, then squeezing out the juice under heavy pressure, and evaporating it.

W. E. B., Dewitt, Iowa: Patrick Henry was not a catholic. Observe the rules if you expect answers.

Schoolteacher, Wellington, Kan.: Why theorize on insufficient data? Wait till the Wilson bill goes into operation, and you will be able to have a demonstration of the fallacy of all free trade theorizing. The all-sufficient answer to your question is, that to compare only the wages of labor engaged in production with the total value of the finished product, leaves out some vital factors. The census reports do not include clerical and other kinds of labor, including superintendence; all of which are higher here than abroad.

A. B., Hoversburg, Ind.: The statement is not true. Why not make the men who assert it prove it? This is the fact: For years the production of wool has been increasing, and the price per pound would have been declining. So low are coarse wools as to be unprofitable to raise in some parts of Australia, and sheep farmers there are turning their attention to other occupations. The effect of the duty has been to keep wool several cents higher—8 or 10—in the United States than in London. The Wilson bill will now allow it to stay at that price. That is all there is of it.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

He called her "dear," he took her hand,
Somehow she seemed to understand;
And when the soft June days had come,
When roses bloom and brown bees hum,
Two souls with but a single thought
Had sweetly into one been wrought;
And later as the months went by
On wings that always seemed to fly,
He paid her bills, year after year,
And with a sigh, he called her "dear."
—Detroit Free Press.

"Isn't Baggs one of the first settlers?"
"No; hasn't settled in six months!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Relief has come; the tide has turned;
The time of dreadful doubt has passed,
Through varied struggles we have learned
To write it "'94" at last.
—Washington Star.

Office Boy—My head is all in a whirl, Proprietor—Then, what's the matter with your filling out these circulars?—Chicago Tribune.

The lady stands within the car,
With temper ill-y curbed—
The strong man sits and looks afar,
Entirely unisturbed.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Only Safe Way.

Little Jakey—Vot shouldt I do, popper, when a man calls me a liar?

Levinowinskid—Remember, mine son, dot silence vos golden; keep your moudt shut, unde if he gan't brofe it, you can sue him for slander.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Our Great Catalogue for 1894

Is an elegantly illustrated book of 200 pages, composed of three distinct Catalogues bound together—one each of

SEEDS,—BULBS AND PLANTS,—NURSERY STOCK.

A work of unexcelled beauty and merit, rewritten and reconstructed in every particular. Every cut new, every line fresh. Printed on fine paper and in lovely bronze violet and brown colors. Many charming colored plates. Nothing like it ever before seen. We offer new and special strains of Flower and Vegetable seeds, all the standard new and rare Plants and Bulbs of every kind. Millions of Gladiolus, choicest Shrubs, Trees, Vines; also new and rare Fruits—some wonderful introductions from Japan. The greatest collection of rare things for the garden ever presented, and all at moderate prices. Do not fail to see this wonderful book catalogue. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents, with check for valuable new Pansy seed gratis; or sent FREE to those who order the Jewel Rose.

CHILDS' JEWEL, the ROSE of Many Colors.

The greatest sensation among novelties. A perfect ever-blooming Rose, which bears at the same time flowers of several different colors—pink, yellow, buff, crimson—also variegated, mottled, striped and blotched. Flowers large and perfect and exceedingly fragrant. Petals large and silky. Buds exquisite. A free and constant bloomer. It is the most charming and wonderful Rose in cultivation; and a plant bearing 10 to 20 flowers, each of a different color or variegation, is a most exquisite sight and creates wild enthusiasm wherever seen. Strong plants for immediate blooming, by mail, post-paid, **30 cents each, 2 for 50 cents, 5 for $1.00, 12 for $2.00.**

SPECIAL OFFER.—For only **40 cents** we will send by mail, post-paid, our great Book Catalogue, one Jewel Rose and five lovely named Gladiolus, five different colors—white, yellow, scarlet, pink and blotched. Order at once; this offer may not appear again. Address

• JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE MEMBER.

Mrs. Sophia Topcken-Braeunlich Enjoys the Honor of Being One.

Mrs. Sophia Topcken-Braeunlich, who, owing to the recent action of the British Imperial Institute, enjoys the honor of being one of the twenty life fellows of that great and honorable institution and the only woman member in the United States, is business manager of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York. She was thrown on her own resources by the death of her husband and secured a position as typewriter and stenographer in the office of R. P. Rothwell, the editor of the Journal. She spent her leisure hours in studying the exchange bundle and culling scraps of mining news.

MRS. SOPHIA BRAEUNLICH.

until little by little the whole news department, with the task of editing the original matter, coming down the extravagant reports of correspondents and making the Journal felt among miners as a storehouse of reliable facts, fell into her efficient hands. She mastered the technical detail pertaining to the paper, attended the meetings of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and frequently went into mines, thus gaining practical knowledge of various duties, which increased her usefulness in the office.

She showed such extraordinary intelligence and ability that on the resignation of the treasurer of the publishing company she was elected to fill the vacancy. She possessed remarkable executive ability, combined with rare capabilities for business, and before much of a success here as elsewhere, she was soon given the office of business manager of the Journal, which position she still holds, in addition to the secretary and treasurership. In 1890 Mrs. Braeunlich was busy in the governmental work connected with the collection of gold and silver statistics for the eleventh census.

COUNTRY WOMEN AGE RAPIDLY.

It is Due to the Fact That Their Lives Are Monotonous.

It is a generally admitted fact that women who live in the country age more rapidly than their city sisters, and this is presumably due to the fact that the lives of the former are so full of monotony and so limited in purpose. It should be possible, however, for women in the most retired localities to know the stimulus of association with other minds.

There are few places where a number of earnest women could not, by determined effort, arrange for monthly or semi-monthly gatherings, which could be made rich in inspiration. The church sociable, the sewing circle, the mothers' meeting are not the gatherings referred to in this connection. Any meeting which gives women opportunity for idle gossip is not stimulating in any true sense. The mind must be occupied with noble thought before life can become enriched or quickened. A new thought can revivify as can no art of the most skilled physician, but its origin must be pure.

In how many little country towns and villages—in how many cities—are there women worn, listless, discouraged and often ill, to whom an acquaintance with Emerson or Ruskin would be the doorway to a new life!

They Counted Among the Talkers.

A bright young woman went out to luncheon the other day and found herself seated between an elderly woman who was a total stranger, and a young one, whom she knew, but, alas! also knew to have scarcely an idea in her head. At first she despaired of having any enjoyment, but she soon made up her mind not to sit through the meal without making at least a show of talking. She turned to the young woman, Miss Blank, and said, "Let's count! You will look as if we were talking" and it will be so much easier." Then she began in a vivacious, but confidential manner, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!" She paused, and Miss Blank, catching the idea, though she could never have originated it, replied merrily in a low tone, "Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve!" They both burst into genuine laughter, and as soon as they could control themselves, went on counting. Before they had reached fifty they were having more fun than anybody, and all the rest were begging to know what the secret was.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

A Pessimistic Ode.

Of what is the use in learning,
When I'm apt to forget what is learned?
And to literature what use in turning,
When my manuscript's always returned?
Of what is the use in trying,
When I never succeed—'tis absurd!
And yet what is my object in dying,
When in Brooklyn I must be interred?
—Truth.

Catarrh In The Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and effectively. 25 cents.

"Tonters" for Merchants.

A curious thing is to be noted in connection with the business warfare carried on by the representatives of different brands of champagne in the New York Herald. These dealers have adopted the policy of supplying money to well dressed young men about town who move in good society and frequent fashionable cafes.

This money is to be spent in the purchase of wine, the condition precedent being that the brand praised, called for and insisted on shall be that supplied to dispensers of wet goods by the wholesaler who puts up the cash.

So widespread has this custom become that any one who demands a certain label is regarded with suspicion by his comrades who are "splitting a bottle" with him.

Therefore those who desire to avoid the reproach of "tonters" leave the question of brand to their guests or tell the waiter to "Bring anything you have cold."

A Pessimistic View of It.

"Is it a fact that the ancients believed the earth was square?"

"Yes, that was the popular belief once upon a time."

"They never could have got that idea from the dealings of its inhabitants with each other unless they were very different from what they are at present."—Texas Siftings.

Women and "George."

The name "George," says the Athenaeum, continues to verify its partiality of female writers of fiction in search of a masculine pen name. In calling herself "George Egerton" Mrs. Clairmonte, the author of "Keynotes," has followed the example set by George Sand, George Eliot and George Fleming.

Very Unusual.

Landlady—"You haven't touched your coffee, Mr. Jones. Anything unusual the matter with it?"

Mr. Jones—"Well, yes; it's hot."—Truth.

Imitations Prove Value.

It has been said that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. Such is the case with the host of imitations of **Allcock's Porous Plasters** which appear on every hand.

In no respect equal to them, they pay an involuntary tribute to the genuine **Allcock's Porous Plasters** by their very assertion of equality. "Just as good as **Allcock's**," "Practically he same as **Allcock's**," etc.—these are the pass-words by which they hope to gain admission to the circles where the original **Allcock's** have reigned supreme for so many years. Beware of them. Be content only with

Allcock's Porous Plasters

the best external remedy for throat and lung trouble, lame back, indigestion, stiff joints, sore muscles, etc.

IS IT GENIAL BARTLEY?

A GHOSTLY FIGURE IN THE CAMPBELL MANSION.

Staten Island is All A-Shiver Over Some Peculiar Manifestations That Are Seen There.

Does the ghost of Bartley Campbell haunt his old house on Staten Island?

Those who live near the house firmly believe that it does says the New York Journal. There are some who quicken their steps as they pass at night along the lonely road that separates it from the grounds of the Marine Hospital.

The house is one that might well be haunted, and the apparition that has been seen at its windows has given rise to the suggestion that the old master of the place returns there at night. It is a big white house with a portico in front supported on tall Doric pillars; a perfect sample of the simple colonial architecture, roomy and severe.

For many years the house has had upon it a sign, "For Rent." It belongs now to George Vanderbilt, who owns many miles of property on the island. This house has not found a tenant, and has been vacant so long that the quiet Cliftonians would be surprised to see it taken.

Back of the garden is a field, and back of this are the gardens of the houses that face on Townsend avenue. It is from the rear windows of these

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S OLD HOME.

latter that the apparition, or whatever it is, can best be seen.

About a week ago a servant girl in one of the Townsend avenue houses was closing the shutters on the back windows when she was startled by seeing a faint light flash in one of the upper windows of Bartley Campbell's old home. She knew the place was vacant, and it occurred to her that tramps must have got in and be making it their home.

She waited and watched. Again the light flashed, this time more brightly. The shutter was closed, and the light shone through a narrow lines through the dark slats. The room was almost full, and the great house gleamed white with dark patches where the shutters were. The shutter opened slowly, and a ray of light flashed out into the darkness.

At the window stood a figure. It was too far away to discover the features, but the girl says the form was that of a tall man. The window was open, and the figure stood sharply outlined against the light in the room behind, gazing steadily at the moon.

The girl had probably never heard of Bartley Campbell, as she was but a child when he died. She felt a cold chill pass through her veins, and she slammed the window, drew the blind and hurriedly jumped into bed. It was just 11 o'clock.

The next night the figure reappeared at the same window. It does not come every night, but about three or four times a week. About half-past ten a faint light appeared behind the shutters of a downstairs window. A few seconds later it appeared at another. At every window it flashed for an instant and then went out. Finally it gleamed through the same window where it had so often been noticed before; the shutter was opened and the figure appeared, standing motionless and apparently gazing at the moon.

One night a faint stream of white smoke trickled out from one of the tall chimneys on the east side of the house, a tiny little gray spiral that lost itself a few feet away.

Henry Steinbuch was driving up Vanderbilt avenue at half-past ten on Thursday night, to his home out on the Richmond county road, when he saw the figure of a tall man upon the veranda and the Dutchman's Castle house. What particularly struck him was the fact that the man carried an open umbrella, from one side of which the silk had entirely gone, while the other seemed to be in rags. The sky was clear.

Mr. Steinbuch did not know that poor Bartley Campbell in his last days used to walk the streets carrying just such an umbrella, or it might have occurred to him to rein up his horses and watch. As it was he merely noted the strangeness of the incident and drove home.

This was the house where Bartley Campbell in the full flush of his triumphs as a dramatist and theatrical manager was wont to entertain his friends and to spend much of his time during the dull season. That was before the blasting hand of that dread disease paresis had clutched him in its grasp.

In this house Bartley Campbell often entertained his spiritualistic friends. Many a grewsome seance has taken place within its walls. He was a confirmed believer in spiritualism even before his giant mind gave way before the destroying demon of insanity.

The knowledge of these facts is what causes the people of Clifton to ask whether the apparition at the window be not the spirit of Bartley Campbell come again to recite as of yore the long-winded poetry with which he used to bore his best and dearest friends. His body has long since crumbled to dust in the grave at St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburg, but who that knew him in life would dare to say that the genius which conceived "The White Slave," "My Geraldine," "Matrimony," and "A Heroine in Rags," is not powerful enough to break the bonds of death and wander at its own sweet will among the haunts that were so dear to him in life?

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"Is it a fact that the ancients believed the earth was square?"

"Yes, that was the popular belief once upon a time."

"They never could have got that idea from the

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE VISITS THE HOME OF THE SAINTS.

Three Reflections Drawn From What He Saw There in His Visit—All Desire to Get There.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject Sunday: "A Vision of Heaven," the text being: Ezekiel i. 1; "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by the River Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever had, or ever will have, seated on the bands of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber, or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God; a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence, and laughter and light, that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and he led me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel: "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years, according to the earthly calendar." There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest that he took in walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence, the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple, our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. Saint John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of My God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, the multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the headdress was a garland of rose, and lily, and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accomponying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "Why that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the winepress alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said, "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear this overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals or tear bottles into which the Orientals weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal, or tear bottle, instead of earthenware, as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And as I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear-bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the Psalmist referred to in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth; tears of repentance, tears of bereavement; tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of this New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's Park, and a back lawn sloping to the River Clear as Crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet," champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite the earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

Reflection the first: The superiority of our heaven over all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces, they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be Houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is Paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A bear is placed by the head, that they may have something to fight with, and after a while they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say, all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snakes. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog, or an infinite don't know. But hearken! and behold our heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics, separation from all that is evil—absence of all that can discomfort: presence of all that can gratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illuminate; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, Aborigine's heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven!

Reflection the second: You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, all frosts, all blushing, all perplexities and trials of earth since, if rightly borne, they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction, if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven, and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suffering." The only currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ, of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's Oyer and Terminer and of the Calvarean assassination.

What he endured, oh, who can tell?

To save our souls from death and hell.

Oh, ye of the broken heart and the disappointed ambition; and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream.

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park outdoor meeting, told me that last winter, going through a hospital in London, he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon as he stood in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety! Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

"The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

PINKHAM'S
Vegetable Compound
Is a positive cure for all those painful
Ailments of Women.
It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure
Backache.
It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That
Bearing-down Feeling
causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes
Irregularity,
Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also
Dizziness, Faintness,
Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, Irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or
Womb Troubles.
The whole story, however, is told In an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For
Kidney Complaints
and Backache of *either* sex the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

DESIGNS FOR HANDBAGS

Pretty Patterns for Women Who Have the "Handbag Habit."

Not every woman has contracted the "handbag habit," but those who have are hopeless slaves to the convenient little reticules. They will be glad to have their attention called to some pretty designs.

FASHIONABLE DESIGNS.

One of them is made on a triangular base in amaranth plush, headed with jet and tinsel embroidery, which hides the joint uniting the top in pale green silk to the dark plush. Moiré ribbons are threaded through gold rings to close the mouth into flutings to hang to the arm.

Another is a circular bandkerchief bag in shot mauve satin lined with corn-colored surah. It is prettily arranged at the top into four ear-like loops between a gathered edge. Butterfly bows and long loops serve as holders.

One Drawback.

A writer in the Watchman sets forth one of the most serious difficulties attendant upon great revivals. He has in mind the wonderful work carried on by the Rev. B. Fay Mills in the Northwest. He does not depreciate revivals, but bemoans the one serious drawback. That is, the evangelists are compelled to leave at just the wrong time. The churches have been "aroused and dazzled, not to say demoralized, by an unnatural state of affairs." So that it is hard for the pastors to carry on the work with success. The wish of all Christian workers is that some change of method be effected; that the evangelist's time be so arranged as to leave some leeway.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

A Rattled Battery.

Editor Camp Fire:—I do not see anything in the Camp Fire column from any one of the old boys of battery G, the 9th O. V. V. I. Art., the first battery that went out into the late unpleasantness from Ohio. But do any of you remember how the 1st Indiana battery that came out for one year in 1864, and the next day after the battle of Nashville (which commenced on December 14, 1864,) when we had Hood routed and were following him up? Late in the afternoon they came up and asked permission to camp alongside of us to learn how. As this was a new battery, guns, horses, equipments (and we were short of a great many things, which were lost on the march and in action) we gladly did so. They saw our battery make a charge the day before with the infantry on the rebel works and thought battery G a model one. They wanted to learn all they could of camp and field service. Of course we gave them permission, for every duty sergeant is responible to his captain for his gun, horses, equipments and so on, and as we packed our guns on this night, December 6, after a two days' fighting, each duty sergeant told his drivers and gunners, and corporals and cooks that this new battery was going to camp alongside of us to-night, to learn how to camp; so if any of the drivers had any horse collars that hurt the horses' necks, or were short any saddle blankets, curry combs, brushes or saddle bags, to make themselves good; and if the gunners were short of any equipments, buckets or hand spikes, to see that they had a full supply; and the cooks to go over and show them how to make a good kettle of coffee, and when we pulled out in the morning to be sure they saved a full complement of kettles, mess pans and frying pans. They watched us to see how we took care of our horses, put our harnesses away, etc., and after we had all been to coffee and hard tack, they strolled over into our camp and we exchanged stories.

As we were to take the advance the next day we turned in early, and at 4 o'clock next morning, the 17th, we were up and getting ready to start out with the advance line. Nothing of importance transpired that day, but picking up a few bare-footed prisoners and at 4 p. m. we pulled into a field, in the edge of a piece of timber, and went into camp. The Indiana battery did not come up very near us that night. Our quartermaster, who was back with the supply train that morning, reported great confusion in their camp that morning when "boots and saddles" was sounded. The drivers were so excited each other trying to find their horse collars and saddle blankets and curry combs, brushes and so on, till their officers were out of patience with them, but when they found out what the trouble was, then they were mad at the way that Ohio battery served them, and said they would keep away from them, and they camped that night quite by themselves.

The next morning, the 18th, this Indiana battery was to take the advance, and we were to take the rear, and of course could stay in camp till 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning; but about 7:30 we began to hear firing in the front, and as it seemed to be a general engagement we hurried through our morning meal and work, when an orderly came dashing into camp with an order for battery G to the front double quick. Boots and saddles had hardly been sounded till we hitched up and filling out from camp in regular order into the road at a trot. Then the bugle sounded double quick and away we went, it being nearly two miles to where the fighting was. As we dashed along the reserve infantry fell out to one side of the road, and cheer after cheer went up for battery G. When we got to the front we found that we had to take this Indiana battery's place, they were on a ridge, or hill, that overlooked Rutherford creek, about a third of a mile away where the rebels had destroyed the bridge and placed a battery and a line of iffantry to prevent our pioneer corps from throwing a pontoon across. The rebel battery had got the Indianians so demoralized that they hardly knew which way they were firing. When we dashed up alongside of them, and came into action, and commenced throwing shell at the rebels, they throught we were the rebels and turned their guns on us. Sergeant Haynes, of No. 4 gun, who was nearest to them, saw what they were about to do and whirled his gun around on them, and shouted, "You G— d— cowards, turn your guns to the front or I will blow you all into eternity."

Just then a major general rode up and said to Sergeant Haynes, "For God's sake don't shoot!" When it was explained to him that this battery had got rattled and lost their heads, they were ordered to limber up and go to the rear in disgrace. We had quite a lively skirmish there, which lasted nearly all day before we got the rebs routed and we had two men wounded by sharp shooters.

It was 3 o'clock the next morning before we got a chance to cross the creek, and that afternoon it turned cold and snowed and froze quite hard and we were chilled through waiting for the bridge to be put together. When we got to Pulaski, Tenn., on the 20th, the horses and guns and everything were taken away from this Indiana battery and distributed among the other batteries in the brigade, and they were given the crippled guns and horses and sent home. I felt sorry for them, but they should have stood up and taken their medicine, and not got rattled. Now let's hear from some of you'ns and I will remind you of some more.—Rid.

Some Notable Days.

Editor Camp Fire:—It is twenty years or more since I first subscribed for the good old Blade, and I always read the Camp Fire.

Yes, boys, my old company in September, 1861, numbered 102 men—five married men and fourteen pairs of brothers. We were mostly common country boys. Now we are getting toothless and gray, and scattered many miles apart. But many times the welcome Blade has helped us to cheer up and feel gay, as we hear from some comrade through the kindness of the Camp Fire department.

Well, the chilliest place I ever saw was in the rain, without coats or blankets, at Shiloh, in April, 1862, for thirteen days among our dead comrades. The hottest place was at Resaca, Ga., in May, 1864, from about 3 o'clock p. m., in a small, open field, surrounded on three sides by timber and in front by Johnnies. They were behind splendid breastworks. We lay flat on the ground in the hot sun. The comrade on each side of me lay on their backs and loaded guns as fast as they could for me. I lay on my stomach and fired as fast as possible. Most of the time the Johnnies let us get up pretty close ;then we lay down and would not let them show a face above their works until dark. Well do I remember hearing old Col. Willich's bugles giving the order to charge. The gallant old man and Col. Harker both got too close to the Johnnies and were hurt. Boys, I fear President Cleveland has forgotten how hot it was then.

Sad was I on meeting my comrades the saddest day in my life, in November, 1864, near Linnville, Tenn. I had been trying for about three hours, on June 14, 1864, to shoot those Johnnies in the woods on the skirmish line in Georgia, near Big Shanty. I sent 37-ounce balls at them, but one of them gave me one. I took it and went to the rear, and I did not get back to them until at Linnville, just before the battle of Franklin. I met the boys near a big log in the woods, just before dinner, after being away since June. The battle of Kenesaw Mountain had killed seven and wounded five that were gone, and the non-veterans had gone home since I left them in June, and about twenty drafted recruits—strangers—were assigned to my company. After we had talked a few minutes at the log, and most of the boys had begun getting dinner, one of the boys said: "Reub, our old company is gone. We ain't Co. H any more. Yet we hold the name," said he. "We haven't the boys nor the officers we had in 1862."

Our first captain was drowned in Bear Creek, Miss., June 6, 1862—Capt. Kirkpatrick; our second, Capt. Elliott, was killed at Kenesaw, and over twenty men killed, besides the discharged and absent, wounded, and others absent on detailed duty. We were not homesick, but tears could only relieve our feelings. Think of comrades shedding tears for boys they had been raised with, who had laid down their lives that this nation might live!—R. B. Wilson, Co. H, 40th Ind. V. V. I.

A Singular Shot.

Editor Camp Fire:—At Jonesboro, Ga., during the charge by a part of my division, the second of the Fourth army corps, I was sent back with a wounded comrade to a rudely constructed hospital in the rear of our corps, and was detained there to assist in caring for the wounded. I was engaged in assisting the surgeons in dressing those who had to be placed on a table constructed of a couple of boards, for amputation, etc. We had placed one poor fellow—I think he belonged to the 18th Michigan cavalry—on the table. He was shot in the neck, the ball entering in front between the jugular and windpipe. A man took hold of each arm while he was being put under the influence of chloroform. The man holding the left arm discovered that he was wounded in the muscles of that arm. The blouse and shirt sleeves were removed, when there appeared a wound as from the point of a bayonet, on the opposite side of the arm, inside of the skin, lay the half of a minie ball, which was cut. The man holding the right arm found that the man was wounded in that arm also. The sleeve was removed as in the other case, when there appeared a similar wound, and in about the same place lay the other half of that ball. I saw them cut out, and Dr. Smith, division surgeon, second division, 14th army corps, put them together.

They then proceeded with the examination of his other wound. The several doctors solved this mysterious freak thus, that the ball had struck the point of his bayonet and glanced, striking him where they were found. This was a very peculiar freak, and one which I have often related when occasion would call for it.

Should this article reach the eye of any of those present on that occasion, I would like to hear from them through the columns of the Camp Fire so that if at any future time I should relate this incident, and am requested to produce proof of this fact, I may be enabled to do so.

I have a faint recollection of another ball that acted peculiarly. We were advancing in front of Rome, Ga., when this ball, had it not changed its course when it struck my right hand, would have landed in my stomach. I was hooking a gun-strap around me. The ball glanced down and struck on a rock between my feet, and was picked up by the man in my rear. This I am never called on to prove. My memory is very clear on a great many peculiar incidents that occurred during my service from October, 1861, to July 25, 1865, being 14 years' old at enlistment.—John M. Hemphill, 66th O. V. I. and Co. E, 113th O. V. I., 2nd Brigade, 2nd Div., 14th army corps.

How They Got Supper.

Editor Camp Fire:—As I have not seen anything in The Blade from the old 66th Illinois I want to relate how Co. D got a good supper. About the last of November, 1861, one regiment was doing duty in North Missouri at a place called Rennick, and a company of Gen. Price's command was at Centralia, but we did not know that fact, and to guard against surprise, sent Co. D to that place. Not having an engine, we put our baggage in a box car and shoved the car ourselves. As we arrived at the station, we saw the hotel was all astir. So we charged on it, but as we charged in at the front door, Price's men went out of the back door.

They were just sitting down to a supper of roast pig and turkey, so Co. D sat down and ate the supper intended for birds of another color. After supper some of us reported to the hotel cellar ,where we found about twenty casks marked "old rye." We looked them over, found one fifteen years old, and drew about twenty canteens full. I tell you it was grand. I kept my share until the battle of Mt. Zion, then found it a great help. I afterward sent a little of it home, but our best judges of liquors could not tell what it was.—H. G. B., Co. D, 66th Ill. S. S.

A Veteran's Story.

Editor Camp Fire:—As I said considerable in my former letter about the old soldiers, perhaps I ought to tell something of my own record, briefly. I went into camp July 21, 1861; was mustered in August 30; was never off duty by sickness nor behind on the march until I took sick at Vicksburg, July 6, 1863, the second day after the surrender, with swamp fever and came very near dying with it. The three men on the next three cots to me all died. There were 16,000 buried there, the greatest number at any one place during the war. That same sickness kept coming back on me until 1872, when I came very dying again. I was off work four weeks, but I have not had that sickness from that time. I used to have the most unbearable pains in the front and top part of my head with that fever. It injured my memory and left me with heart trouble. I always have those pains at the present time, whenever I get a cold. And I have had a bad grip cold the last four winters past.—Isaac Reed.

An Ohio Boy Talks.

Editor Camp Fire:—We thought we were going to be kept in Missouri, guarding railroad bridges, and so get no hand in putting down the rebellion. Our colonel was brave, and was anxious to do something for his country, and to give the Buckeye boys a chance to come to the front; and sure enough, to the front we went. I was with Sherman on his campaign to the sea, then the grand review, and then home. I want to say that I was one of five out of eighteen schoolboys who got home. I enlisted on July 4, 1861, saw five birthdays in the war, and came home pretty well worn out. I am 52 years old. If this is read by any of the 39th, I would like to hear from them.—James R. Vance, Co. I, 39th Ohio.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'r's, New York.

When War is Declared

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for the want of power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind; and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

The Sunday School.

God's Judgment on Sodom.

LESSON VII., FEBRUARY 18, 1894.

Golden Text: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?—Gen. 18:25.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 18:22-33.)

22. And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom: but Abraham stood yet before the Lord.

23. And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

24. Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?

25. That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

26. And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

27. And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes:

28. Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.

29. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake.

30. And he said unto him, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it, if I find thirty there.

31. And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

32. And he said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sakes.

33. And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place.

Illustrative Applications.

But Abraham stood yet before the Lord (v. 22). There is no better place to stand than before the Lord. Even if angels and angels move on, leaving us alone with the Lord, we would do well to lose all other company rather than to lose that. But it makes all the difference in the world whether we stand before the Lord as his friends, or stand before him as his enemies.

Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou consume the righteous with the wicked? (v. 23). It is one thing to question the Lord as though we doubted him. It is quite another thing to question the Lord because we trust him implicity, and want to understand his ways with us or with others. The Lord does not want to be doubted, but he does like to be questioned lovingly. We have no right to say or to think that God deals in the same way with those who serve him and those who work against him. But we have a right to ask God to make clear to us the difference in his ways with these different classes.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? (v. 25.) A question can be so stated that it answers itself, or so that it admits of but one answer. When a husband asks his wife, or a lover asks his loved one, "Do you love me, dearest?" he has no thought of doubting her, even though he may long to hear again the one sure answer to his question. So it is in this question: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Of course he will, and we know that he will. To ask this question is to allay all doubt on the subject. When God's dealings with us seem very strange, and we find no way of explaining his providences, we can perhaps gain peace of mind by asking in simple question, which is not a question: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes (v. 27). The right to speak to the Lord, even in loving prayer, is a great privilege, and it carries with it great responsibilities. Prayer is always an upward movement. We pray to Him who is above us, and we can not pray properly unless we bear in mind this fact. And because our prayers may be answered that as we offer them, we ought to stop and think of the possible consequences of our petitions before we frame them.

Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once (v. 32). Abraham is not an example to the believer in this form of petitioning. The best that can be said for him is that he was not yet made perfect in trust. If he had understood the Lord, as later he came to understand him, Abraham would never have supposed that the Lord would be angry with him for coming with fresh requests for mercy to others. Nor would he have supposed that the Lord would be pleased to know that his friend was not coming to him again. A friend ought not to doubt his welcome as he comes to his friend. God loves to have us come to him without fear, and to pray to him without stint.

The Lord went his way, and Abraham returned unto his place (v. 33). Abraham seems to have tired of asking before the Lord tired of answering. There is no evidence in this story that the Lord will never spare a community for less than ten righteous souls. We can not tell what would have been the result if Abraham had kept on interceding for the guilty city. Abraham's godly audacity in his way of praying to God, is an encouragement to those who would come to God with large requests. But God's loving patience with praying Abraham is yet more of an encouragement.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

Not Such a Very Large Hole.

"Oh, Agnes!" exclaimed her younger brother, John, the other day, "there's a hole in you stocking as big as a dollar. You'd better not let mamma see it."

"How you do exaggerate, John," replied the sister, examining the aforesaid article of apparel. "It isn't much larger than a half-dollar."

"That ain't much of an exaggeration, then," replied the brother. "A silver dollar's only worth about 70 cents now, so you see, smarty, I was nearer right than you are."—New York Herald.

Quickly Decided.

Mrs. Spriggs—Isn't it awfully hard to decide whether to go to the theater or opera?

Mrs. Miggs—Oh, dear no. I—

Mrs. Spriggs—How do you manage it; draw straws?

Mrs. Miggs—No; if Charley gets tickets for one I am certain that I want to go to the other. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—One Cold After Another will, with many constitutions, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. Those in need of a remedy will find Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt, thorough and efficacious.

In Chicago Society.

Young Wabash—That's the girl who ran away and married her father's coachman.

Miss Gotham—Indeed, quite interesting. But tell me where is that strange being I have heard was to be here to-night—that young girl who married for love?—Truth.

It is very difficult to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take" —this trouble is not experienced in administering

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil. It is *almost as palatable as milk*. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

THE LATEST CAPE.

It Has the Charm of Differing From Its Predecessors.

It requires a good deal of ingenuity to fashion anything in the line of capes which has even the suggestion of novelty. But a Broadway outfitter has achieved the almost impossible in

a short carriage or theater wrap. It is of mirror velvet that shades from mouse color to old gold. The collar, instead of being the high Elizabethan sort in vogue now, is a simple, broad band of loosely gathered velvet. Below that is a cape of black astrachan extending to the shoulder line, and from there to the waist are two capes of the velvet, each edged with a narrow band of astrachan. In the front is a slightly more complicated arrangement of black than is common in short capes.

Why Hood's Wins.

President Lincoln said: "You can not fool the people a second time." They are too quick to recognize real merit in medicine, and cling only to those things which they find to be what is claimed for them.

It is especially gratifying that the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla increases most rapidly in those sections where it is best known.

The inference is plain. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven that it possesses genuine merit. It maintains a high standard, which others can not even approach. It is the people's favorite blood-purifier and building up medicine, and is more popular this year than ever before. All this because Hood's Cures.

MILITARY DRILL IN PRISON.

Confinement is Not Alone Designed to Punish the Criminal.

If physical training makes men more manly, as the old Greeks believed, then Warden Woodbridge, of the Connecticut state prison at Wethersfield, has the honor of introducing a system which should find a place in the convict discipline of every prison. He takes his prisoners out into the yard three times each week and drills them in military maneuvers. They are taught to march in columns of twos and fours and are perfected in the various tactics. They are also drilled in calisthenic movements for the exercise of body and limbs. The men sleep better and eat better after these exercises, and there is a noticable improvement in their physical condition. It will probably be found to be true, moreover, that the disposition to crime will be decreased, for our physiologists tell us that criminality is found to be closely associated with bodily inferiority, and when men are in good physical condition they are seldom inclined to commit the grosser crimes. Among the younger class of criminals, then, this gymnastic and physical development may be expected to bring good results. It is certainly worth the trial, and we hope to see other prison wardens adopting the Wethersfield plan.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

The Throat.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

THE FEET.

The Care of the Feet and the Daily Bath.

Aside from the daily bath, the feet should be washed at least once a day. This is a matter of a few minutes, and insures neatness, rest and comfort. If the tired shopgirl or saleswoman, who has been standing for ten hours, would dip her feet into a basin of cold water, instead of curling her bangs, or doing up her back hair, she would have a lighter step and feel more like walking home than usual.

Walking heats the feet, standing causes them to swell, and both are tiresome when prolonged. There are various kinds of footbaths, and authorities differ as to their value. Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the blood to them; when used, they should be rubbed and exercised before attempting to put on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a footbath will sidetrack a fever if taken in time, cure a nervous headache, and induce sleep. Bunions, corns and callousness are nature's protection against bad shoe leather. Two hot footbaths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort.

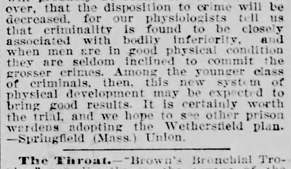
A warm bath with an ounce of sea salt in it is about as restful as a nap. Paddle in it until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, have a change of shoes, and the woman who was "ready to drop" will have a very good understanding in ten minutes. The quickest relief from fatigue is to plunge the foot in ice-cold water and keep it immersed until there is a sensation of warmth. Another tonic for the sole is a handful of alcohol. This is a sure way to dry the feet after being out in the storm. Spirit baths are used by professional dancers, acrobats, and pedestrians to keep the feet in condition.—New York World.

The Modern Invalid

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectional quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs

A Traveling Salesman Saves Time.

One of these peripatetic gentlemen, while stopping in town a few hours the other day, called to have a small job of printing done. When finished, the postal card had this appearance:



A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

The above is rather unintelligible at first, but with a brief explanation it becomes voluminous with meaning and radiant with love. It is a very simple cipher. The upper row of figures represents a member of the drummer's family. No. 1 standing for Mrs. —, and No. 5, the baby boy; each of the others a child. In the corner are seen the letter X, and figures 1, 2 and 3, and have this significance: X means "all well," and if a card is received with only a check mark over that letter, the husband's heart throbs with joy and happiness. No. 1 means "slightly indisposed," and written under either figure in the upper row indicates the sufferer. No. 2 under a figure in the upper row indicates that the corresponding member is "seriously ill," while a check over figure 3 in the corner row admits of no delay and means come home.

As this particular drummer receives two messages a day from home, this arrangement greatly simplifies and economizes time.

Looked Like a Fake.

Editor—Here's a dispatch about a Mississippi lynching, but I don't believe it's genuine.

Assistant Editor—Why not?

Editor—Because it doesn't say that "his body was riddled with bullets."—Puck.

A Wise Wife.

Mrs. Smith—Do you let your husband have his own way?

Mrs. Brown—Certainly. And then I go the other.—Vogue.

Old Maids' Insurance.

A Denmark old maids' insurance company pays regular weekly "benefits" to spinsters of forty years and upwards.

GREAT HEAPS OF JEWELS.

The Shah of Persia's Collection Is Dazzling in Its Beauty.

Perhaps the objects in the Shah's collection that most attract the stranger are the infinity of gems cut, uncut, or set in every variety of fashion seen behind the glass panels. Here are the enamelled and bejewelled arms of the great Sefovi kings; here the swords of Timur, Shah Ismail, and Agha Mohammed Shah; here the magnificent Abbas coat of mail. A square glass case contains a vast heap of pearls, four or five inches deep, into which one can plunge the hand and still them in cascades and handfuls. Upon a separate stand appears a globe of jewels which was constructed out of his loose stones by the reigning Shah at a cost (exclusive of the gems provided by himself) of £320,000, and which is looked upon as the artistic chef d'oeuvre of his reign. Its alleged value with the stones is £841,000, says an English paper.

At the upper end of the room, beneath glass cases, are a number of royal crowns dating from the Sefovin days to modern times, prominent among them being the mighty headdress, pearl beflecked, and with flashing tika or aigrette of diamonds in front, which is worn by the king at No Ruz, and was so familiar an object upon the head of Fath Ali Shah as depicted in the illustrations, English and Persian, of the early part of the century. Here, too, is a serpent tiara manufactured by order of the present Shah in Paris.

The three finest jewels possessed by the Shah are said to be a huge uncut ruby, once the property of Aurungzebe, which shimmers at the top of what is called the Kalandan crown; a large diamond, set in a tiar, which was sent by George IV. as a present to Fath Ali Shah, and beyond all the Darla-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, the sister diamond to the Kuh Nur, or Mountain of Light, which is king at present of the British crown. Both jewels are said to have descended from Tim

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1894.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

OUR COUPON OFFER.

We began to receive coupons, and new subscribers under that offer, on the second day after last week's Blade went to press; and it now begins to look as though there will be a remarkable number of people availing themselves of that offer. There is no reason there should not be, however, as we give so much for the money. Whoever gets a set of the first four parts will be glad he did it, and will endeavor to secure the second set. Take advantage of the February offer at once; we assure you that you will be amply repaid.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The financial questions now before the nation, and others likely to arise in the near future, ought to be understood thoroughly by every voter, that his vote may be intelligently cast. How many of the readers of The Blade can answer at once and correctly this series of questions, for example:

Why did Secretary Carlisle prefer to sell bonds to the amount of $50,000,000, instead of asking Congress to authorize him to issue that amount of greenbacks?

Why does money loan at from 1 to 3 per cent. now in New York, yet a farmer in Kansas have to pay 10 or 12 per cent?

What is the real reason that national banks are preferred to state banks by the mass of intelligent people?

What is the valid objection to gold as the only standard of monetary value?

What are the only drawbacks to the greenback as paper money?

Why is it that all the leading nations of the world have made gold the sole basis of their monetary systems?

What is the distinction between wealth and money?

What is the distinction between real money and credit money?

Why, in times of dull business, does money accumulate in our cities, especially New York?

Remember, the use of money goes back into the twilight of history. Within the past five hundred years especially, the world has tried, in some form or other, almost every possible experiment in finance. Hence there has gradually been a number of primal facts which all well-educated and well-informed men of affairs, in every country, agree upon as being

The foundations of finance.

We propose beginning, in a few weeks, a series of articles in the Weekly Blade under this title—"The Foundations of Finance." We shall explain, in clear, concise language, the history of money, and give, in compact form, the basic principles on which all financial authorities are agreed. These will enable the reader to answer such questions as those given above, and detect the fallacies in any financial argument. The series will be really a text-book of correct knowledge on finance.

This series will be written only for the Weekly Blade, and will NOT be printed in any other paper, nor in book form. The series alone will be worth the price of the Weekly Blade a year, thrice over. Due notice will be given of the beginning of the series.

THE WILSON BILL.

The scene in the House of Representatives on yesterday was a memorable one. The galleries were packed with spectators, and even the lobbies filled with the wives and friends of members, all attracted by an event which history will record as one of the most disastrous in the annals of American legislation—the passage of a measure to strike down the protective system, and throw the vast markets of this country open to competition of foreigners—for if the duties on imports be below the protective line, the result as to our workingmen and our manufactures, will prove nearly as ruinous as though all duties were swept away.

As The Blade predicted, the Democratic opposition to the bill did not materialize on the final vote. Only seventeen Democrats had the courage to vote against this pernicious measure—eight from New York, four from Louisiana, and one each from New Jersey, California, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. All the remainder were whipped into line, and the bill passed by a vote of 203 ayes to 140 nays.

The bill now goes to the Senate. There are many who believe that it will fall in that body in its present form, that it will be radically revised, eliminating some of its worst features. The Blade does not share these anticipations. We do not look for much change in the bill, and we look for its enactment, by the Senate in practically its present form. A recent poll of the Senate gives the following figures on the Wilson bill as it stands:

	Against.	For.
Republicans	38	0
Democrats	7	37
Populists	2	1
	45	38

Doubtful, 2.

We do not believe these figures will stand the test of a final vote. We do not see any hope of more than three Democratic votes against the measure. There are three vacancies in the Senate, and it is made up of 37 Republicans, 44 Democrats, and 4 Populists. The latter will, we believe, all vote for the bill; and three Democratic votes against it, if that many can be mustered, will not defeat it.

Judge Gary reversed the decision of a lower court, Saturday, on the ground that the principal witnesses in the case had been brow-beaten and insulted. The judge makes a few telling points against such action on the part of attorneys, and says that the court ought to give witnesses protection against these insults and bully-ragging methods.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

There is another matter to be considered in the effort to convince men of the fallacy of the theory that alcoholic drinks are nutritious, or that they are a benefit to the drinker. It is the question of the purity of any liquor. As a matter of fact, there is hardly any liquor, vinous, malt or spirituous, which is not adulterated. Take beer, for instance—of which Mr. Vizetelly, an English authority, remarks that "the popular notion that the intoxicating influence of English beer is due exclusively to its alcoholic strength is an erroneous one, for there are many beers, containing only a very small quantity of alcohol, that are highly stupefying, most likely due to the use of cocculus indicus. This has been shown to be more poisonous than prussic acid, and of it the Lancet writes, 'a viler agent could not well be introduced into beer; its stupefying effects are so well known that it is frequently used to kill fish and birds.'"

Among other adulterations of beer, Dr. Parke mentions sodium or calcium carbonate, lime, excess of soda, sodium chloride, ferrous sulphate, sulphuric acid, alum, burnt sugar, capsicum, pepper, grains of paradise, aloes, colocynth, colchicin, santonin, picrotoxine, strychnine, tobacco, picric acid, copper and lead.

When one comes to the wines, the evidences of adulteration are as great. The London Times recently published an article on sherry, a gentleman having been found to have died from an overdose of alcohol contained in four gills of that wine. In this it was stated that the grapes, before being trodden, are dusted over with a large quantity of plaster of Paris, which removes the tartaric and malic acids from the juice, and leaves sulphuric acid in their stead. Besides this, the juice is treated with a variety of ingredients to impart color, sweetness and flavor; and it receives an addition of sufficient brandy to raise the alcoholic strength of the mixture to 35 per cent, or in some cases, to as much as 59 per cent of proof spirit. Of champagne, Wetherbee states, in his Toxicology: "A portion of the so-called champagne wines is composed of the expressed juice of turnips, apples and other vegetables, to which sufficient sugar of lead is added to produce the necessary sweetness and astringency."

Dr. Baer, another authority, says: "Not only light wines, but mixtures in which there never been any grape juice, are artificially dyed, and brought into the trade as precious red wines. To this end, vegetable dyes are used, such as mallow-bloom, whortleberries, elderberries, cochineal and logwood, and in modern times the aniline dye, fuchsine, especially dangerous because of the arsenic it contains. Very serious symptoms have followed a few days' use of this—albuminuria, colic, emaciation, etc." Spirits, too, vary very much in quality. Inferior brandy is often made from potatoes, and contains potato fusil-oil; pine sawdust is said to be frequently added to whisky. And, in point of fact, whisky, as now made, is simply proof spirits doctored with various substances to give it color, flavor, bead, etc.

The same sort of evidence has been given time and again regarding liquors manufactured on this side of the Atlantic. It follows naturally that if a liquor can be more cheaply produced through adulterations—which is always true; or that an inferior and cheaper product can, by the use of adulterants, be made to pass as a superior grade, selling at a higher price, that it will be done. This certainly is self-evident. Not one drinker in ten thousand can tell pure from adulterated liquors. In point of fact, a pure liquor can not be obtained. They differ only in the amount and quality of the adulteration, that is all.

Even if one should grant that pure liquors are sometimes beneficial—which we do not believe—what argument can be found for adulterated liquors, loaded with poisons, any and all of which are detrimental to the human system? There certainly can be none. Hence every friend of temperance should use his utmost efforts to spread a correct knowledge of the universal adulteration to which all liquors are subjected, as a part of the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A NOTABLE VICTORY.

The two Congressional contests in New York city on January 30 were watched with much interest, as it was believed that the result would be indicative of the state of popular feeling concerning the Wilson bill. Both districts are normally Democratic. Col. Fellows was elected in the Fourteenth at the last Congressional election by a majority of over 9,000 over his Republican competitor, and 7,017 over all other candidates. Yesterday, in the same district, the Republican candidate, Mr. Quigg, was elected by 703 over the Democrat. In the Fifteenth district, which gave a Democratic majority of about 11,000 at the last election, the Democratic candidate pulled through, but with a largely reduced majority. It is a success which is morally a defeat.

Mr. Quigg is the first Republican elected to Congress from a New York city district for many years, and his triumph is entirely due to the tariff question. The campaign was an exceedingly hot one, and it was conducted solely on that issue. The result is thus a staggering blow to the free trade Democracy, and points unerringly to a sweeping defeat in the nation at the Congressional contest this fall.

The Democratic party has been in power long enough to develop its line of policy. It has become certain that the Wilson bill will be pushed through. The business depression and financial distrust which has followed the Democratic triumph of 1892, the unemployed thousands whose distress is the direct result, have roused the voters of the great Democratic stronghold—New York city—to a realization of the error of their ways. They have voted against the Wilson bill, against all that it necessarily implies. Carry the news to Grover, and whisper it gently in the ear of "Prof." Wilson!

The Buffalo Commercial says that from all parts of the country come reports of great religious revivals. In some of the cities, as in Brooklyn, there has been no such religious upheaval since the great revival of 1857. It is singular that a great business depression is always followed by a wave of religious feeling.

Those Republican gains in New York city might be a tip to Prof. Wilson, but he wouldn't heed a cyclone now.

Henri Watterson should defend Kentucky. The whisky tax has been increased.

THAT BOND ISSUE.

The District Supreme court at Washington denied the application of the Knights of Labor to compel Secretary Carlisle to show cause why he should not be enjoined from issuing the $50,000,000 of bonds he proposes. The case, however, was decided on technical grounds, and the question whether he has authority under the act of 1875 to issue the bonds was not discussed by the court. The case will be carried up, probably, and finally reach the Supreme court of the United States.

The section of the law of 1875, providing for the resumption of specie payments, in which Secretary Carlisle finds his authority for the issue, reads as follows:

And on and after the 1st day of January, A. D., 1879, the secretary of the Treasury shall redeem in coin the United States legal tender notes then outstanding on their presentation for redemption at the office of the assistant treasurer of the United States in New York in sums of not less than $50. And to enable the secretary of the Treasury to prepare and provide for the redemption in this act authorized or required he is authorized to use any surplus revenues from time to time in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, and to issue, sell and dispose of at not less than par, in coin, either of the descriptions of bonds of the United States described in the act of Congress approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," with like qualities, privileges and exemptions, to the extent necessary to carry this act into full effect, and to use the proceeds thereof for the purposes aforesaid. And all provisions of law inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

The portions of the above section which are quoted by the opponents of the bond issue are that in which the secretary of the treasury is allowed to issue bonds to enable him "to prepare and provide for the redemption in this act authorized and required," and that which gives him the power to issue bonds "to the extent necessary to carry this act into full effect, and to use the proceeds thereof for the purposes aforesaid."

But grant, if you please, that these portions specifically allow him to issue bonds only for the purpose of redeeming greenbacks when presented for that purpose in sums not less than $50, it would be very easy to comply with the letter of the law and yet accomplish what Mr. Carlisle desires. Any New York bank, for instance, could send a million in greenbacks to the sub-treasury, and demand the gold, which would be paid. The receiver thereof could take the gold to the next window and pay it back for bonds. And this process could be repeated so as to complete the issue, without doubt.

What would be the result? There would be no more gold in the treasury than there was at the beginning of the operation; but there would be $50,000,000 of greenbacks additional. Now, the law of May 31, 1878, entitled "An act to forbid the further retirement of United States legal tender notes," says:

From and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful for the secretary of the Treasury or other officer under him to cancel or retire any more of the United States legal tender notes. And when any of said notes may be redeemed or be received into the Treasury under any law, from any source whatever, and shall belong to the United States, they shall not be retired, cancelled, or destroyed, but they shall be REISSUED and paid out again and kept in circulation; provided, that nothing herein shall prohibit the cancellation and destruction of mutilated notes, and the issue of other notes of like denomination in their stead, as now provided by law.

Hence, the $50,000,000 of greenbacks would have to be used to pay government expenses, and when they were used up, the Secretary could go through the same operation again. There is no doubt that this is the construction the Secretary puts upon the statute, and it is but fair to say that this opinion is shared by a great many authorities, of all shades of political opinion.

The right thing to do, which would avoid all legal complications, would be for Congress to authorize a loan. It should be of small denominations, from $20 up, of bonds bearing 3 per cent interest, redeemable at the option of the government after a given date; and they should be offered for sale through the postoffices all over the country, or through national banks—preferably the former. The success of France's placing such a loan at the close of the Franco-Prussia war demonstrates its wisdom.

The fault is not with the issue of bonds, but with the business-destroying policy of the Democratic party, which has created the deficit in the national Treasury.

AN INDIAN SILVER CRISIS.

Another silver crisis is impending in Anglo-Indian commercial circles. It will be remembered that the steady depreciation in current value of the silver rupee, the money unit in India, deranged business and caused strong appeals to be made from all business and commercial interests for relief. The Indian government attempted to stop the decline in purchasing power of the rupee—which decline was due to its bullion value being far below its face value. Two steps were taken: The minimum value of the rupee in Council bills of exchange was fixed at one shilling fourpence—the face value of the rupee being about 2s. 2d., or 52 cents. The second step was to stop the free coinage of the rupee, with the intent to prevent the decline in its value.

The result of this action was a collapse of the silver market the world over. It was believed that the demand for silver from India would be almost entirely stopped, and the price of bullion fell in anticipation. But the expectation that the decline in the purchasing power of the rupee would cease was not realized; while the flow of silver into India is practically unabated. The total amount received in 1893 was only $375,000 less than in 1892. The fixing of the exchange value of the rupee at 16d. proved a bar to the sale of Council bills in London. The total sales during the last seven months—since the adoption of the policy—were only $30,000,000, while the amount required to settle trade balances was over $90,000,000.

The attempt has therefore been abandoned to hold the rupee at an artificial value, and, on January 24, allotments were made in London at a fraction under 14d. per rupee. This is a confession of failure, and we may look to see the rupee fall to its bullion value, and its exchange value depend entirely upon the market price of silver bullion. This action has called renewed attention to the need of international action in favor of bimetallism, as the only solution of the difficulty. As attempt after attempt by individual nations to settle the silver question on any other basis than coinage at the bullion value results in an ignominious failure, it becomes more and more apparent that an international bimetallic agreement is the end to which the commercial world must come.

Congressman Hitt strikes hard.

A NOVEL AND GENEROUS OFFER!

It has just occurred to us that we want 50,000 or more new subscribers; and on the fifth page of this issue we make a splendid offer to our old subscribers that will, without doubt, bring us in all the new subscribers we can take care of. The Weekly Blade has a constituency of a little more than 100,000 subscribers who have been with us for a number of years. They know what The Blade is, and never stop it. Now, we want 50,000 new subscribers to become acquainted with the best weekly paper printed in the United States.

It is to be remembered that the matter in The Blade is prepared expressly for its columns. It is not, as so many weekly papers are, a mere mass of stuff which was prepared primarily for a daily newspaper, and afterward dumped into the weekly forms. It is the only great national weekly newspaper whose contents are written and set up expressly for its columns; and this is one of the factors of its remarkable success.

We believe our announcement of a magnificent series of premiums offered for new subscribers is the most liberal proposition ever made by any newspaper. At any rate, we know that after fulfilling our obligations under this offer we shall have left but a very small sum for The Weekly Blade one year to the new subscribers. However, we believe we shall be able to sustain the loss, and add 50,000 to 75,000 names to our books. We pledge our reputation on this offer, and guarantee that every present subscriber to The Weekly Blade who sends us one new name during February will receive the finest set of 64 engravings, with description of each, that ever came to his hands. We insist that this statement is literally true; and the only person who will be disappointed at the outcome of this offer is the one who does not send us a new subscriber during February. If only 50,000 of our subscribers avail themselves of this munificent offer during February, the other 50,000 who do not will feel very much dissatisfied with themselves afterwards, should they see one of these portfolios. The time to take this matter in hand is NOW, during February. After we get into March, we shall have all we can do to supply the current parts, without furnishing back numbers. Remember, you are not compelled to obtain the additional parts, if you are not satisfied with the first four parts; but we promise you that when you have the first four, nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of your making the effort to obtain the succeeding parts. Bear in mind that the new subscriber gets The Weekly Blade one year and a copy of the "Nasby Letters;" and the old subscriber, who makes the remittance, gets the first four of these Portfolios for his trouble. This offer is made ONLY in connection with the sending of a NEW subscriber—and by "new subscriber" we mean one who does not now take The Blade.

"LAND BILL" ALLEN AN IMPOSTOR.

Rev. Washington Gladden has an article in the February Century, entitled "The Myth of 'Land Bill' Allen," in which he shows clearly that the claim of that person to have been the originator of the homestead law is utterly false. This is a matter of general interest, for at the time of Allen's death, in 1891, at the county poor-house, Columbus, O., the story of his being the author of the homestead land bill was told in every paper from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the old man's remains laid in state under the dome of the Capitol at Columbus for a day, and he had a funeral befitting the great services he was believed to have rendered the people.

Mr. Gladden was asked to preach the funeral sermon, and as he never before heard of this claim of Allen's, he began to search for the facts, so as to prepare a fitting discourse. From statements given to reporters by Allen himself, he found he was born in 1809, that he first thought of the homestead measure in 1829, and that, during the 50's, he went campaigning with a wagon through the West, advocating the idea, and spending $60,000 to introduce his plan to the people—resulting in its passage by Congress in 1863.

Then Mr. Gladden turned to history to find corroboration of these statements. Fancy his amazement to learn that the first homestead bill was introduced in Congress in 1814—when Allen was five years old; that from then until 1820—Allen admitting the idea did not enter his mind until 1829—Congress had considered a great variety of bills for disposing of the public lands to actual settlers, by gift or nominal payments; that the platform of the Free Soil party of 1848 advocates the homestead idea, while there was no intimation on Allen's part that he began his public advocacy of the bill until Know Nothing times, some four or five years later.

This clearly disproves Allen's claim, without quoting the further evidence Mr. Gladden gives in his paper. His conclusions, doubtless correct, are that Allen was somewhat of a crank; that his "tour" in the interest of the homestead idea was really a peddler's wanderings with a wagon-load of notions; that he would stop on the street-corners, and harangue the crowds, after the usual fashion of street fakirs, and probably talked on topics of public interest, the homestead bill among them; until finally his naturally weak mind adopted the idea that he was really the author of the measure, and, self-deceived, he died believing his own falsehood. A careful reading of Mr. Gladden's paper is absolutely convincing that Allen was an impostor, though believing his own imposture. It is due to history that the facts should be understood. The homestead measure was the growth of a half-century, and no one individual is entitled to the sole credit of its authorship; and the shape of a bill in Congress, when Allen was a little child.

No one seems to trust Olney except the trusts.

A "SOLUTION" PROPOSED.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, of Boston, sends The Blade a communication in which he proposes what he deems to be a "solution of the currency question." He says truly that the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law did not settle the matter. It simply terminated a compromise between conflicting opinions. He compares the repeal of the Sherman law to the repeal of the Missouri compromise—it clears the decks for action. And he proposes the following method for terminating the contest:

Gold bullion to be received and coined as at present, and paid for by government, when desired, in national paper currency. All silver bullion of American production to be also received by the United States Treasury from day to day at its average gold market value during the preceding thirty days in the principal money centers of the world—say in New York, Paris, London and Berlin. National paper currency to be issued in payment for said silver bullion, of denominations from one dollar to one thousand dollars, as preferred by the seller of the silver, payable on demand either in gold coin or in silver bullion of equal value with gold coin on the day of redemption, at the option of the government.

To Mr. Blackwell, the advantages of this system appear as follows:

1. It would establish a permanent use for all silver of American production on an equality with our present gold coin, and a permanent use for gold on an equality with silver bullion, as the joint bases of American currency.

2. It would keep all the gold and silver mines of the country at work, with the guaranty of a permanent cash market for both metals as money—the ratio of one metal to the other, in the absence of an international agreement, being left to regulate itself.

3. It would preserve the existing gold standard.

4. It would establish a permanent national paper currency based upon gold and silver bullion actually in the hands of the government, a currency incapable of fluctuations in value or of sudden expansion or contraction.

5. With the development of our mines of gold and silver this representative national currency would grow more abundant, keeping pace with the growth of population; and inasmuch as coin is no longer used or needed except for small change in the daily transaction of business, gold coin or silver bullion would never be called for except in limited amounts, occasionally, for the settlement of international balances. The government guarantee backed by the metals themselves would be absolute security, and the gold and silver would remain in the government vaults, while the representative paper currency would circulate in their stead.

6. Under this system no large permanent gold reserve and no new issue of government bonds would be needed. The option of redeeming its currency with gold or silver bullion at its market value would protect the government against any combination to advance or depress the relative value of either metal.

The plan is not entirely new. It is practically that outlined by Secretary Windom, and urged upon Congress in his last Treasury report, only a short time before his sudden death. It possesses many good points, and is certainly preferable to the Sherman law as it was, or any other measure that has so far been proposed. Its point of weakness is that of giving the noteholder an option between gold redemption and redemption in silver bullion at market rates. In any time of financial stress or disturbance, the demand would be for gold redemption; and that would, of course, be the very time that the Treasury would need its gold reserve. We doubt whether it could be made the permanent policy of the government to store up silver bullion indefinitely and issue paper against it.

Money is not only a medium of exchange, but also commodity; and when it becomes too abundant, it goes out of the country to seek investment elsewhere. But credit money does not go; the coin takes wing first. Hence the time would come when we would have an inflated paper currency, our gold would leave us, and the government be left with its paper and its stock of silver bullion. We doubt whether Mr. Blackwell's plan is anything, after all, but a compromise. We don't believe it can be made a finality. The final settlement of the silver question must be by international action, establishing a new coinage ratio, approximating the market ratio between silver and gold, the remonetization of silver, and its coinage by all the nations participating at the new ratio. That will be a permanency, and nothing else can be.

JUDGE BREWER'S BREAK.

On the evening of January 25, a dinner of the Yale alumni was held in Boston, and David J. Brewer, associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, responded to the toast, "Has Alma Mater Lost Her Place?" His argument was that men of broad education and liberal attainments should be entrusted with the management of public affairs, but he declared, in effect, that the business of the state and nation is too often managed by cranks, and that men of mediocre ability and narrow education—by no means first-class in any respect are pushed into high station, while those whose merits are of the highest are kept in private life. In discussing this line of thought, he referred to the past Presidents of the United States, and voiced the following remarkable opinion:

When you are not very ill you may send safely for a faith-cure doctor, but when the battle of life rages fiercely within your frame you need an educated physician. A politforger will do for a reprievin for a calf, but it takes a $25,000 lawyer to be a successful counsel for a great railroad corporation. Even Mrs. Hayes's husband could make a respectable President in time of peace, but it took Lincoln—gentle, great, sad—to pilot the nation through the majestic times and the horrors of the civil war.

Judge Brewer has indulged in an untruthful statement regarding President Hayes, and made it in connection with a slur that might be expected of the New York Sun, but not of a member of the highest court in the United States. "Mrs. Hayes's husband" was in education, in culture, in natural abilities, a most worthy incumbent of the Presidential chair. He had been a brave soldier, winning his rank as brigadier-general through meritorious service in the field; he was a wise and conservative statesman, and filled every office committed to his care with credit to himself and honor to the country. He was, moreover, a clean, honest, upright man, upon whose personal character and private life no reproach was ever cast. And he would never have insulted the memory of the dead by any such allusion as that of Mr. Justice Brewer.

The utterance is all the more reprehensible because of the position held by Mr Brewer. A seat on the Supreme bench, with its life tenure, is one of the highest positions under our government, and its incumbents should be expected to maintain a dignity of conduct and utterance in consonance with their exalted positions. Justice Brewer has certainly erred grievously. He has violated the ethics of the bench, in failing to preserve what a contemporary felicitously calls "impartial and impersonal propriety." He found very speedily that he had made a blunder, and endeavored to repair it by means equally unjustifiable and wrong. He went to the reporters, and endeavored to get them to use a prepared copy of his speech, in which he had modified the offensive phrase to "any man could make a respectable President of the United States." But the gentlemen of the press had a higher regard for truth than had Justice Brewer. They refused to be parties to his lie, and printed the speech as he spoke it.

There is no longer any power left in the mother-in-law joke. Here comes a Brazil, Ind., man and leaves his fortune to his wife's mother, and, with one blow, shatters all precedent.

QUEEN LILI'S SOLILOQUY.

Am I, or am I not? That is the question;
And I have no hesitancy in saying,
The sooner it is answered the better.
I have been off the throne for now some moons,
Which periods, it is needless to remark,
Are becoming more numerous as the days grow longer
And for what?
Simply because a few speculative Yankees
Saw fit to squat on my beautiful island,
After which they made themselves believe,
That by some sort of international flim-flam
My property had become theirs.
But it hasn't.
Gather round me, my subjects,
Hear me out.
I am on this throne, or will be shortly,
To stay.
I'm a sticker.
Go get on your good clothes.
Prepare to celebrate my restoration.
It's bound to come.
Start the red fires.
Bring forth the beautiful Hula Hula girls.
Let the Plaisance dance proceed.

IT WILL PASS.

We are surprised to note that so many of the newspapers of the country appear to think that the Wilson bill will not be passed by the United States Senate in its present form. We can see no reason for any such hope. It is true that the Democratic majority in that body is small, but there is nothing to show that enough of the Democratic Senators are willing to oppose a measure which is one of party policy.

In point of fact, the country has never been able to realize the lengths to which Democrats will go when they have the power. After the election of Lincoln in 1860, the people of the North could not persuade themselves that the Southern Democrats would plunge the country into civil war. What they did, however, makes a large page in the nation's history. It has been the same regarding the tariff question. Even after the Democratic victory of 1892, a very large class of citizens did not believe any radical tariff legislation would be attempted. But it was. When the Wilson bill was formulated they did not believe it would pass the House. But it did pass. When the income tax proposition was formulated the cry was that it would be made a separate measure, and be killed in the House. But it was made part of the Wilson bill, and so passed that body.

The same inability to accept the Democratic party seriously is now seen in this foolish talk that the Wilson bill will either not pass the Senate at all, or that it will be so revised as to destroy all its objectionable features. The result will show that again a mistake has been made. The Wilson bill will not be materially revised, the income tax provision will not be knocked out, and the measure will pass substantially as it came from the House. The country can settle down to the general conditions made imperative by the bill in its present form, for they will not be materially changed.

GEORGE W. CHILDS DEAD.

George W. Childs was one of the most widely known Americans. He was not a great general, nor a statesman, nor a politician, nor any of those things which cause men's names to fill the trump of Fame, and go down to succeeding generations among those of the great ones of the earth. Mr. Childs's name is a household word throughout the United States and England, simply because he was a good, upright and generous man. There was nothing striking in his career. He clerked in a book-store until he saved a little money; then he, with a partner, became a book publisher, and a very successful one; then he bought the Philadelphia Ledger, and through his business sagacity and energetic methods, made it one of the most profitable newspaper properties in the United States.

From the time that he began to prosper, his charitable instincts prompted him into a course of systematic benevolence, which endeared him to all; and as his wealth increased, he extended the area of his philanthropic work. Thousands of Philadelphia's citizens remember him with gratitude for aid given at critical times—not only to the poor, in need of the necessaries of life, but to struggling men with too little capital. Many a Philadelphian dates his success from help given at a critical time in his early business career.

He endeared himself to all lovers of literature by his liberality to the memory of literary men. We may instance the placing of a stained glass window in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the poets Cowper and George Herbert; a monument in Kensal Green cemetery over the unmarked grave of Leigh Hunt; a similar service to the memory of Edgar Allen Poe, and of the astronomer Proctor; and a Shakespeare memorial fountain at Stratford-on-Avon. He had a lively sympathy with the printing craft, as is evidenced by his gift of a printers' cemetery at Philadelphia, and a fund to keep the grounds in order; and his generous contribution to the Childs-Drexel Home for printers at Colorado Springs. There are no more sincere mourners for Mr. Childs today than the printers of the United States.

MR. REED'S SPEECH.

Glorious Tom Reed outdid himself in his speech on the closing day of the debate in the House on the Wilson bill. In it he gave the irrefutable arguments why protection should remain the economic system of this country—not only the pecuniary arguments, addressed to men's pockets, but the incomparably greater one that it leads to a higher civilization, and therefore conserves those elements upon which the safety and perpetuity of our republican institutions depend.

Mr. Reed did not deal in glittering rhetoric, nor paint impossible millennial scenes in all the rainbow hues of human fancy. He dealt in hard, immutable facts, based on our own national experience, which must carry conviction to every unbiased mind. And in his peroration he voiced sentiments which should command the assent of every patriotic American.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

WILL GLADSTONE RESIGN?

William Waldorf Astor, the New Yorker who has purchased the Pall Mall Gazette, startled not only London but the whole British empire by the announcement that Mr. Gladstone will, in a short time, resign the office of Prime Minister. It was at first received with incredulity and derision. Then the Gazette reaffirmed its truth with emphasis, and the whole political world waited for Gladstone's denial. That evening an official statement came from Sir Algernon West, who is at Biarritz with Gladstone, and it denied the story in such terms as to affirm it. It declared, in brief, that "the statement that Mr. Gladstone has definitely decided, or decided at all, to resign is untrue;" but that his physical condition is such "as to have made relief from public affairs desirable;" and that therefore "his tenure of office has been at any moment liable to interruption."

It is putting it mildly to say that this authorized utterance has alarmed the people of all Europe. The English politicians know that Gladstone's health is as good as it has been for years. Why should he make this a pretext to resign in the near future? There is but one reasonable explanation—that he sees that a war upon England is imminent. No one outside the arcana of European cabinets can tell what nation is preparing to plunge the continent into a war; but it is recalled that the London Telegraph a few days ago declared that "the authorities have been warned, through the most trustworthy source of information, that war might be thrust upon England at any moment."

Gladstone's friends admit that at his age he could not undertake the arduous task of piloting England through the fierce ordeal of a war administration; while his leadership is absolutely necessary to hold the wings of the Liberal party together on the Irish question and other points of the government programme, and his physical condition is certainly equal to any demands the premiership may make upon him for this purpose. Hence English opinion has swiftly settled upon the conviction that Gladstone's retirement, if it comes, will mean an European war, involving England as a principal, during the coming summer.

Bourke Cockran declares that "in these days the home of the common workman in this country is more luxurious and comfortable than that of the kings of the Middle Ages." Well, what of it? Every American citizen is a sovereign, for the people rule. And why strike down a system which has rendered this state of things possible?

The Kentucky legislature did a queer thing passing a resolution instructing Senators Lindsay and Blackburn to oppose the confirmation of Peckham to be associate justice of the Supreme court. Both voted for the confirmation of Hornblower; so it would seem that the Kentucky Democrats are opposed to Cleveland. This is sad.

It would be an innovation and probably result in a closer bond of union, for the G. A. R. to accept Atlanta's invitation and hold its 1895 encampment in the industrial capital of the South.

The public will have free trade in senatorial courtesy now.

SENSATION.

NEW THRILLING STORY
BY A
BRILLIANT SENSATIONAL WRITER,

THE LONE INN

OUR NEW NOVEL,
BY
FERGUS HUME,
Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE QUEER STORY OF ADAM LIND," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

PUBLICATION OF
OUR NEW STORY
BY
FERGUS HUME,
ENTITLED,
THE LONE INN
WILL COMMENCE IN OUR COLUMNS
ON
FEBRUARY 22, 1894

FERGUS HUME,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB"

When "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was first published it was given to the world by a Melbourne firm—the author of the work being a Colonial, and at that time unknown to fame. As a Colonial story it proved far and away the greatest success of the Antipodes. Then it was taken to London, and introduced to the book-loving public of Great Britain. Its success was enormous, far exceeding the issues of "Called Back" and other sensational productions. A little later it travelled to the states, and before long was in everybody's hands. The author had leaped into universal fame, through the agency of one book.

Since then Fergus Hume has written several successful novels, but, strange to say, whilst the public like his sensational books best of all, the author himself prefers the fanciful and romantic story, and amongst his more recent works will be found "The Island of Fantasy," "Aladdin in London," and others answering to this description.

"The Lone Inn" is, however, a story of sensation, and as such we offer it to our readers.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Carl Schurz, grown weary of sitting on the rail fence of Cleveland mugwumpism, has climbed down and joined the Tammany procession.

Luther's catechism has been translated into the Japanese language. The work was done by the Revs. Shorer and Perry, missionaries to Japan.

Queen Victoria has discovered a fondness for American cranberries. Slowly but surely our country is winning its way in the regard of European potentates.

Dr. Raffin, a specialist of Nantes, announces that he has found 6,000 microbes on a square inch of a single playing card. It should give the doctor no trouble to count a full hand.

Adlai Stevenson has caught on to the situation. He told the boys at Albany that if they came to Washington they should share in all the patronage he had at his disposal—seats in the Senate gallery.

Mr. J. William Dawson, a geologist of world-wide fame, is one of the Lowell lecturers in Boston this season. Sir William was principal of McGill college at Montreal for 38 years, and is now 73 years of age.

Gladstone was found by a friend who called upon him in his dining room one day recently, dividing his attention between the few dishes and a copy of the Novum Organum. He seems to like a bit of Bacon with his breakfast.

John Proctor Prentice Kelly, who died in Exeter, N. H., a few days ago, was connected with the firm of Kelly & Gardner, in that town, for 53 years, and the surviving partner is a great-grandson of the man who founded the firm in 1770.

The six little German Princes do not lead lives at all like those in the story books. They rise at 7, eat plain, regular meals, have hard lessons to learn, and only simple sports, and go to bed at 8 in the evening—all of which is good for their little wholesomes.

Col. Nicholas Lotz, of Reading, furnished supplies to Washington's army at Valley Forge. His heirs claim he was never paid in full, and will shortly present a bill to Congress for nearly $4,000,000. There are lots of heirs who have subscribed the necessary funds to press the claim.

Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York, one of the delegates who will represent this country at the International Sanitary Congress in Paris, was for some years a professor at Bellevue Hospital, was one of the founders of Bellevue Medical college, and from 1868 to 1872 was Health Commissioner of the city of New York.

Dr. Astrup, the well-known Danish archæologist, has just completed a journey between Damascus and Denmark—about 5,000 miles—on horseback. The horse, purchased by the doctor for the purpose, has almost equals that unsurpassable trip of Bloody Bridges Waite, through the newspapers, from Maine to California.

The late Col. F. A. Burr never went to school a day in his life. Like a great many other boys who are deprived of early advantages he managed to pick up an education, and his career as a newspaper correspondent bears out that there is no such thing as suppressing a young man who is bound to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

About one-ninth of the professional writers in Great Britain are women.

The wife of President Dole, of Hawaii, is a native of Maine, and formerly taught school in that state.

Mrs. F. C. Johnson, of Hastings, Neb., one of the pomological authorities in the West, has made a fortune in apples.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent have started on an expedition of archæological research in the Hadramaut region of Arabia.

The czarina has mastered the typewriter, and many of the czar's memoranda of state affairs are her work, merely signed with his initial "N."

It is urged by the Appalachian mountain club that a White mountain peak near Mount Whittier should be named Mount Larcom, in memory of Lucy Larcom, the nature-loving poet.

Miss Dieterich, who was for many years one of Queen Victoria's personal attendants, is always invited over to spend her Christmas at court. She retired a few years ago to Carlsbad—her native place.

Gail Hamilton, who is writing the life of James G. Blaine, has asked Mayor Baxter for the loan of the file of the Portland Advertiser while it was edited by Mr. Bl

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in liveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade on year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

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We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. Its particular and unique value is its happy solution of the problem of fullness and convenience. It is neither bulky nor superficial. It is the book of reference for the million. Chambers' Encyclopaedia has always occupied a front place among the cyclopedic works to be coveted.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

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Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 880 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy; but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.50
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
¼ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated palatings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

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Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

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A VERY BUSY WOMAN.

She pronounced in sounding platitude
Her universal gratitude,
For men of every latitude,
From the tropics to the poles;
She felt a consanguinity,
A sisterly affinity,
A kind of kith-and-kinity,
For all these foreign souls.

For Caledonian Highlanders,
For brutal South Sea Islanders,
For wet and moist and dry landers,
For Gentile, Greek and Jew;
For Finns and for Siberians,
For Arabs and Algerians,
For Terra-del-Fueglians,
She was in a constant stew.

O, it worried Miss Sophronia
Lest the men of Patagonia
Should die with the pneumonia,
With the phthisic or the chills.
Yes, indeed, she worried daily,
Lest a croup or cold should waylay
Some poor Soudanese or Malay,
Dying for the lack of pills.

And she toiled on without measure,
And with most unstinted pleasure,
For the good of Central Asia
And the pagan people there.
But meanwhile her little sister
Died of a neglected blister,
But Sophronia hardly missed her,
For she had no time to spare.
—Hudson Gazette.

HERE'S THE STOCK AGAIN.

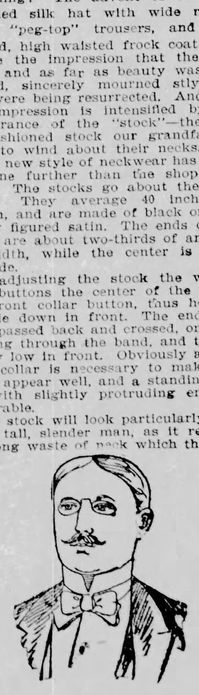
Other Fashions of the Past That Have Returned to Favor.

Are the fashions of our grandfathers returning? The advent of the bell-crowned silk hat with wide rolling brim, "peg-top" trousers, and long skirted, high waisted frock coat gave people the impression that the long dead and as far as beauty was concerned, sincerely mourned styles of 1840 were being resurrected. And now the impression is intensified by the appearance of the "stock"—the real old-fashioned stock our grandfathers used to wind about their necks.

The new style of neckwear has hardly gone further than the shop windows. The stocks go about the neck twice. They average 40 inches in length, and are made of black or delicately figured satin. The ends of the stock are about two-thirds of an inch in width, while the center is twice as wide.

In adjusting the stock the wearer first buttons the center of the tie to the front collar button, thus holding the tie down in front. The ends are then passed back and crossed, one end passing through the band, and tied in a bow low in front. Obviously a very high collar is necessary to make the stock appear well, and a standing collar with slightly protruding ends is preferable.

The stock will look particularly well on a tall, slender man, as it relieves the long waste of neck which the thin



THE STOCK, STYLE OF 1894.

man has been trying to cover up by a great expanse of linen. Last fall some young swells came over from England wearing brigatly colored lawn stocks, which they soon discarded, as their example was not followed. There is reason to believe that the stock has come to stay. For evening wear, in white lawn and white satin, the tie looks especially rich. The stock must, however, be backed up by an equally elegant personal appearance. Otherwise it looks out of place. Shopkeepers hold their new ties at $1, says an exchange.

IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

Doctor—Have you any idea how your wife caught this terrible cold?

Husband—I think it was her cloak.

Doctor—Two thin, eh?

Husband—No; it was a last winter one, and she didn't wear it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Isn't it horrid," asked Miss Swyftly of her friend—"isn't it horrid that men will put those nasty old pipes into their mouths?"

"Yes," said her friend, emphatically, as she stooped and tenderly kissed the black face of her pet pug; "yes, indeed it is."—Chicago Record.

"This is my summer hat," she said.
And placed upon her pretty head
A giant thing with fuzz upon it;
"And now," she said, and brought to view
A scrap of lace just three by two,
"I'll show to you my winter bonnet."
—Chicago Record.

The Only Result.

"Why don't you give your servant an alarm clock, so that she will get up early in the morning?

"We've tried it," was the sad reply.

"What was the result?"

"It simply disturbed her rest a little and made her snore worse than ever."—Washington Star.

A Distinction.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle.

"Yes, sir; I enjoys goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."—Washington Star.

Way Out.

Mabel—I got two birthday presents that are out of sight.

Flo—What are they?

Mabel—A pair of jeweled garters.—Brooklyn Eagle

CAREER OF TALMAGE

RECALLED BY HIS RESIGNATION OF HIS BROOKLYN PASTORATE.

How He Built Up the Tabernacle and Gained for Himself a National Reputation.

Naturally the resignation of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage as pastor of tht Brooklyn Tabernacle has caused something of a sensation not only in the city of churches but throughout the whole country, for Dr. Talmage is as well known in the rest of the Union as in the state where he was born and where he became famous.

Dr. Talmage has been connected with the Brooklyn congregation for a quarter of a century, and the sudden termination of his relations while in the full vigor of his power as a preacher was calculated to cause a commotion. It would doubtless be unfust to the eminent divine to suggest that he desired to create a sensation by his action in this instance. As a matter of fact, he has heretofore employed what critics have called sensational methods to build up the tabernacle and not to do it injury. Dr. Talmage began studying for the ministry shortly after leaving college and was a chaplain in the army during the civil war, but had not attracted much attention when he went to Brooklyn, although he had gained a local reputation in Philadelphia by his energy, his eloquence and his original methods. The church to which he came was broken down and almost helplessly disintegrated. He put new life into it, and drew a crowd almost from the sturt. He was talked about from one end of the land to the other. The comments were not always complimentary, but he made many warm friends and his church grew and flourished. One incident of many related by a New York Sun reporter will illustrate the methods which won popularity for him in those days. One Sunday morning, when the time came for him to deliver his sermon, he walked to the extreme edge on one side of his great 50-foot platform, faced about and suddenly started as fast as he could jump for the opposite side. His coat tails flew out behind him, his long arms thrashed the air like a windmill, his legs, with trousers above

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

his ankles, worked like the crank attached to a steamer's walking beam. Just as everybody, breathless, expected to see him pitch headlong from the farther side of the platform, he leaned suddenly into the air and came down with a crash, shouting: "Young man, you are rushing toward a precipice!" And he proceeded to deliver a rattling sermon upon the sins and temptations of youth in a big city.

It is a significant fact that in all his devices to attract popular attention Talmage has confined his sensationalism to words and methods. He has not ventured to proclaim any new or heretical ideas. He has left new theological fields unexplored and has stuck close to genuine old-fashioned orthodoxy. Indeed, he do sn't inflict much theology of any sort on his hearers. No revision of creeds ever troubled him or his church. He preaches the hell fire of Calvin, but he never speculates about the fate of unregenerate infants or worries over the issues which threaten

TALMAGE AS CHAPLAIN IN THE ARMY

to disrupt the American board. His severest critics never have brought any imputation of heresy against him; neither has his private character ever been assailed.

When his hours of work are over Dr. Talmage is always "in" to his visitors. Go to his house and he will receive you with a cordial handshake and a genial smile. There is a warmth in his manner that puts you at once on a sympathetic footing with him.

"Newspaper men," he says, "are among my best friends. When I see one coming into my church I think 'here comes another congregation.'"

Referring to the publication of his sermons in the newspapers, Dr. Talmage says: "It was for many years a belief with me that the way to reach the business world with religious thought was through the secular press. If a thing ought to be said it ought to be said to everybody. I was impressed with the fact that the gospel does not confront the people. Church-going is a habit, and people go to church only exceptionally. There are 1,000,000 people in Brooklyn, but only 150,000 go to church. Some of the finest people, socially, intellectually and morally, stay away. Through the newspapers they may be reached."

"This resignation," said Dr. Talmage in his letter to the press, "is final. Twenty-five years is a long period. I know that three pastors in Brooklyn who have been here as long, John Wesley was as wise a man as ever lived. He said two years were long enough. The Methodists place the limit at five years.

"I will preach on until my twenty-fifth anniversary, whether in March or April I know not, as I began to preach in Brooklyn several weeks before being installed, and have since celebrated my anniversary on both dates.

"As to myself I never was in better health than now. I have missed but two Sabbaths in the last twenty-five years. I started with quite delicate physical organization, but as the years went on my physical vigor increased. I can now walk and run farther than I could at fifteen years of age. God only knows the future, but I feel that my best work is to come, and my prevailing emotion is gratitude to God and everybody."

Notwithstanding this emphatic declaration, however, the trustees of Dr. Talmage's church believe that if sufficient funds can be raised to lift the church debt he will remain. For five years Dr. Talmage himself has contributed all or a considerable portion of his salary to the expenses of the church, besides during his pastorate giving no less than $50,000 in cash.

A STRONG INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Aetna Life Insurance company's forty-fourth annual statement appears in another column, and is a remarkably strong financial exhibit. The public is accustomed to expect the Aetna Life will make a good showing, but the results the past year exceed those of any previous one. The management and patrons of the company are to be congratulated. In every branch of the business a substantial gain has been made. Its assets now reach $40,267,852.90, and its surplus has been increased to $6,326,922.09. Its receipts from interest largely exceeded its death losses. Its expenses in 1893 were a less percentage than in previous years. The Aetna Life's reputation for stability of management and sound financial standing has no superior in the land; and its position has been honorably and faithfully won. Every department of the Aetna Life's business has the careful supervision of an executive officer, hence the favorable results shown.

A Hustler.

Citizen—Do I understand you to say you belong to the hosts of the unemployed?

Tramp—No, sir, I'm busy all the time.

Citizen—What do you do?

Tramp—Hustle for victuals and clothes. Gi' me a dime.—Detroit Free Press.

Scrofula eradicated and all kindred diseases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its vitalizing and alterative effects, makes pure blood.

FREE CURE.

Kidney

Liver & Urinary Diseases.

We know that ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure for these diseases, and to prove to you its Wonderful Effects, and for the sake of introduction, we will send you enough for one week's use, by mail, prepaid, FREE, if you will write Buffalo. It is an unfailing cure. A trial costs you nothing. Address THE CHURCH KIDNEY CO., Albany Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALKAVIS is a positive cure for Kidney, Liver and Urinary Diseases. It is from the new Polynesian shrub, KAVA-KAVA (botanical name): *Piper Methysticum*, imported in *New York World*, Feb. 5, 1893, and *Medical Gazette*, of Dec. 1892. Endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Rheumatism, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, etc. *Sold at Two Dollars a Bottle.* Descriptive Book sent free to all.

THE COMING FASHIONS.

A GLIMPSE IN TO THE FUTURE.
(Veranda scene during summer of '94.)

SWEET GIRLS.

The Marquis Van Dickens (at the swellest ball in London)—Surely I have seen your beautiful face before, Miss Saintlouis?

Miss Saintlouis—More'n likely. Pa used it on his patent medicine ads as 'after taking.'—Chicago Record.

I cannot sing the old songs,
They heard the maiden say,
And then the guests with one accord
Arose and said "Hooray!"
—Washington Star.

When we go sleighing, one can see
Without a single word from me
She smiles and slyly takes the reins.
—Life.

Two girls were standing up in the horse car.

"Susie," said one of them in a whisper, "I've always wondered what people meant by the word 'tenderfoot.' You see it so often in stories, you know."

"Yes."

"Well, I've found out."

"Is there one here?"

"Yes. Wait a minute till I step on his corns again, and you'll see whom I mean."—Washington Star.

Coquettishly, the Fiil maid
The missionary came to greet.
"I really think kind sir," she said,
"That you are nice enough to eat."
—Washington Star.

A COQUETTE'S CALENDAR.

Thus did my many-mooded love display
The twelve months of the year, all in one day;

I came. She greeted me in January,
The frosty maid of words and glances chary.

But soon our eyes met and faint hope I saw,
For she dissolved in February thaw.

Her scolding little curls bobbled all about;
She seemed dispeased, she teased—'twas March, no doubt!

"Farewell!" I cried, but tears of April rain
Decided me to wait and try again.

I let her soothe my anger with soft wiles,
Her flower face blossoming May with dimpled smiles.

Bathed in a blush as delicate as June,
She listened while I pleaded for one boon.

Which, after many prayers and many a sigh,
Was grant by the warm heart of July.

Her pouting lips seemed hinting, "Is it this?"
I looked, and dared, and won an August kiss.

Each burning cheek, now like a glowing ember,
Suggested straightway brilliant red September.

But when I talked of love and poverty,
October was no soberer than she.

I whispered, "I will work, love, while you wait?"
Her answer made November desolate.

Her fingers fell from mine. I still remember
Those icicles of cruel, cold December.

L'ENVOI.

Know, all coquettes who thus the months display
Your lovers lose a year's life in one day!
—Bow Bells.

A FAIR SPORTSWOMAN.

Mrs. Lindsay-Fitzpatrick, Who Rides Well With Staghounds.

To ride well with staghounds is not an accomplishment many women can boast, for even under favorable conditions such hunting is often the nearest thing to steeplechasing, and sometimes the devotees of the chase are obliged to negotiate a stiffer country than the average racing course. But Mrs. Lindsay-Fitzpatrick may be included in the minority of her sex to whom stag hunting offers no obstacles which cannot—in every sense of the word—be surmounted, says the London Hearth and Home. Her name is a familiar one in connection with the Roscommon pack and the "Ward Hounds," whose district takes in a wide area in Kildare and the adjoining counties. Mrs. Lindsay-Fitzpatrick does not, however, limit her hunting to these packs, as she rides with the Kildare Foxhounds, and is now wintering in Dublin, as the Irish metropolis affords capital headquarters for those who go out with the two last named packs.

The only child and heiress of the late Mr. Lindsay of Hollymount House, County Mayo, Mrs. Fitzpatrick married (at a very early age and while still a ward of chancery) Mr. Hermann Fitzpatrick, son of the Rev. Frederick and Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, and grandson of the second Marquis of Headfort. Mrs. Lindsay-Fitzpatrick is thus sister-in-law of Mrs. Cornwallis West, and aunt by marriage to the lovely young Princess Henry of Pless.

Gifted with great personal attractions, the original of this photograph dances well and gracefully, is partial also to out-door functions, may generally be seen at the

MRS. LINDSAY-FITZPATRICK.

principal race meetings of the year, and invariably at the famous Dublin Horse show, the greatest equine exhibition in Europe.

A Great Secret

underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

Pretty Good Record.

The National Lifeboat institution of England has saved 45,000 lives since its establishment in 1824.

THE SILENT ONES.

Under the grassy sod,
Under the swaying willows,
Down 'neath the buds and flowers
Sleeping away the hours,
Far from the paths they trod,
They lie on their clayey pillows.
There at the dawn's first peeping,
There when the night comes weeping,
The silent ones are sleeping.

Under the drifting snow,
Down 'neath the naked branches,
Under the rain and sleet,
Swift are the hours and fleet,
Far from the cares we know,
Safe from grief's avalanches.
There at the dawn's first peeping,
There when the night comes weeping,
The silent ones are sleeping.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SOCIETY'S LATEST HAND CLASP.

A Lightning-Like Movement With a Triple Expansion—How the New Shake is Accomplished.

Have you seen the latest shake—handshake, of course?

It has only just come to town, and it made its debut at the New York horse show under the auspices of society. Mrs. Cruger, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Townsend Burden, and a lot of other equally fashionable women are its sponsors, and that is as much as saying that it has come to stay, at least until some other replaces it.

This new way of greeting, of pantomiming such thoughts as "Delighted to see you!" "Here's that bore again," etc., is an allegro movement, and if the time it should consume in execution could be measured by a metronome it would be marked "200."

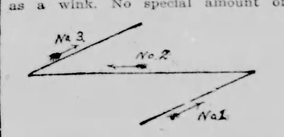
It is a triple expansion sort of shake. It begins on the left side, glides over to the right, and from time to time it ambles back on the same line to its

SOCIETY'S LATEST HANDSHAKE.

original position twice, all in the brief space of exactly one second by the watch. The more this record is reduced the higher up the shake is in the social scale; his or her status is regulated vy th erapidity of the movement of the forearm.

This, at the horse show, was held at an angle of 33 degrees, the elbow locked to the waist, the buckle of the hand a quarter of an inch below the chin and an inch to the left of the center of this. Then madame bends her fingers until they assume the slant of the sloping roof of a Long Island barn, and holds them rigidly in that position. Simultaneously with this act of condescension on her part the man who is privileged to touch these jewel digits copies her, only upside down; that is, the barn roof position of his hand is inverted, made into a sort of trench, into which her hand slips.

All this, of course, to the learned in the new shaking art is done as quick as a wink. No special amount of



MOVEMENTS OF THE HANDSHAKE.

skill is needed for its accomplishment, but what follows is where the fine work comes in. No sooner do madame's fingers touch those of monsieur than a presto galop step is made by both of their hands at once, four jerky glides without stopping; to right, then to left, back again to right, then to starting point, where they automatically part company with greatest alacrity, as though no further acquaintance was desirable.

The less rhythmic this shake the quicker it is done, and the more disjointedly the sooner may one hope for social recognition, the sooner may one hope to be received into the blissful pasturage of the "400," where the exclusive lambs of Shepard McAllister graze and bask and frisk about.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.

Large Churches.

The following facts are taken from the Congregational Year-Book and show the ten largest churches of that body in the United States and the greatest number of additions to membership:

Place.	Name.	Members.
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Plymouth	1,816
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Tompkins avenue	1,763
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Central	1,750
Chicago, Ill.,	First	1,303
Chicago, Ill.,	Union Park	1,271
Oberlin, O.,	First	1,245
Oakland, Cal.,	First	1,215
New York, N. Y.,	Tabernacle	1,073
Minneapolis,	Plymouth	1,073
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Church of the Pilgrims	1,045

Place.	Name.	Additions.
Seattle,	Plymouth	205
Oakland,	First	153
Chicago,	First	135
Tacoma,	First	161
Portland, Ore.,	First	147
San Francisco,	Plymouth	117
Brooklyn,	Central	114
San Diego,	First	114
Detroit,	Plymouth	114
Springfield, Ill.,	First	97
San Francisco,	First	97

In this connection it would be interesting to note a few of the longest pastorates. Dr. Storrs has been settled longer than any other pastor in the churches named, having been installed in 1846. The next in length of term of service is Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, installed in 1867; then are Dr. L. P. Goodwin, of the First Church, in Chicago, 1868; Dr. Bradford, of the Church at Montclair, 1870; Dr. McLean, of Oakland, 1872, and Dr. Braid, of Oberlin, 1878. Dr. Abbott was installed in 1888; Dr. Behrends in 1883, Dr. Meredith in 1887.

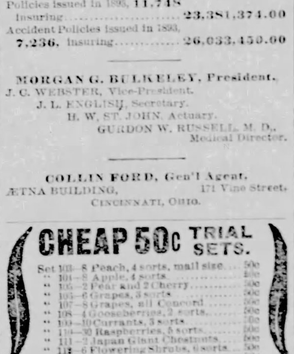
The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal, representing a stag. Its weight is 4 ounces only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl, a good pocket knife for the father, and one handy for the mother, and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SHE WROTE "HEAVENLY TWINS."

Sarah Grand, Who Has Suddenly Sprung Into Prominence.

The "Heavenly Twins" has excited more conversation and controversy than, perhaps, any other book that has appeared since "Robert Elsmere." It will interest readers to see from the accompanying illustration the portrait of Mme. Sarah Grand, its now celebrated authoress.

Of English parentage and old Quaker stock on both sides, she was born in Ireland, where her father held a coastguard appointment. She had two brothers and two sisters (one of whom died) she herself being the youngest but one of the family. When Sarah Grand was only 7 years old her father died, and her mother returned to Yorkshire to live among her own people. The future authoress's education was rather desultory, but she



SARAH GRAND.

was fond of reading and thinking. She went to school for a short time at Richmond and then for two years in London, but her education seems to have come rather abruptly to an end, for at 16 she married, and found herself the stepmother of two boys of 10 and 8 1-2.

Shortly after the marriage she went to the East and saw Ceylon, China and Japan. Her life there doubtless had a strong influence in forming her character and opinions. After five or six years abroad, Sarah Grand returned to England and went to live at Norwich She remained there some years, and then the family removed to Lancashire, and while there she wrote "Ideala," her first printed novel, which some people prefer to the more famous "Heavenly Twins." This book was published at her own expense.

Should Try Elocution.

Legal executions in Mexico are by shooting, and take place in the prison yard.

SUMMARY

OF THE

44th ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

ÆTNA

Life Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

January 1, 1894.

Premium Receipts in 1893	$4,860,733.13
Interest Receipts in 1893	2,000,340.94
Total receipts during the year	6,810,074.09
Disbursements to Policy-holders and for expenses, taxes, &c.	5,175,778.52
Assets January 1, 1894	40,267,952.90
Total Liabilities	33,941,030.81
Surplus by Conn. and Mass. standard	6,326,922.09
Policies in force Jan. 1, 1894. $82,745, insuring	135,450,722.94
Policies issued in 1893, 11,748 insuring	23,381,374.00
Accident Policies issued in 1893, 7,256, insuring	26,033,450.00

MORGAN G. BULKELEY, President.
J. C. WEBSTER, Vice-President.
J. L. ENGLISH, Secretary.
H. W. ST. JOHN, Actuary.
GURDON W. RUSSELL, M. D., Medical Director.

COLLIN FORD, Gen'l Agent.
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CHEAP 50c TRIAL SETS.

Set No.	8 Peach, 4 sorts, mail size	50c
"	9 Apple, 4 sorts	50c
"	10—2 Pear and 2 Cherry	50c
"	105—6 Grapes, 3 sorts	50c
"	106—6 Grapes, all Concord	50c
"	108—4 Gooseberries, 2 sorts	50c
"	109—10 Currants, 3 sorts	50c
"	110—30 Raspberries, 5 sorts	50c
"	111—2 Japan Giant Chestnuts	50c
"	112—6 Flowering Shrubs, 6 sorts	50c
"	113—6 Ornamental Trees, 6 sorts	50c

Any 3 Sets, $1.25; 5 for $2.

By mail, postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Order by the numbers from this advt. NOW as these are introductory prices. Send 10c for our elegant annual of 150 pages, free. Everything of the best for Orchard, Vine and Garden, with year 1,000 acres, 22 greenhouses.

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FREE A fine 14 carat gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Send us your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, gold plated watches by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any $25 watch you can pay the express agent our special price, $3.50, and express charges, and the watch is yours. Write at once, as we may not have another opportunity to make this offer. Address, THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

Oakland Stock Farm, Saginaw, Mich., on good stone road, one and a half miles from Court House, half mile from electric car line, and adjoining the M. C. R. R. Population of city 46,000, with best of markets, climate healthy, with equable winters. 3.0 acres in all; 180 acres of which is highly improved; soil black muck with clay subsoil, thoroughly tiled, and watered, buildings and outhouses of the best. Will sell 160 acres, 185 acres, or all; also stock, implements, etc., as suits purchaser. Title perfect. Quarter cash payment, balance on easy terms; good reasons for selling. Address owner, E. G. REST, Saginaw, W. S., Michigan.

SALESWOMEN—We have an original, legitimate, much needed article, which sells best during the times because it saves money and suffering. Not a drug, cosmetic or anything whatever, are now making from $5 to $20 per week without neglecting their home duties. No capital required. Full particulars, free samples and references in your own state and ours, by mail. Address O. CO., Box 1922, Boston, Mass. ☞ Only those seeking respectable, profitable and permanent home employment need apply.

Wanted 20 more young men and women to prepare for situations as Bookkeepers, Shorthand, and Typewriters. Situations for graduates. Send 4c in stamps at once, to Commercial College, South Bend, Ind.

WANTED—To sell 2,000 acres of W. Va. Coal and Timber land. The world can't beat it, and it must be sold to close out an estate. Don't write unless you mean business. For prices and terms address O. D. HILL, Kenawha, W. Va.

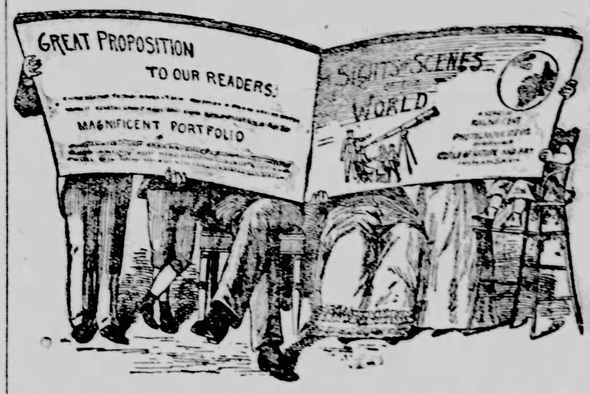
LADIES—Perfect fitting one seam, Underwaist or Corset Cover Pattern; give bust and waist measure; only **Twenty Cents.** MRS. A. CARPENTER, 28 Gorham st., Jackson, Mich.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for three cents, free of charge. Address Prof. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

A Grand Offer

TO THE READERS OF

The Toledo Blade.



SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE WORLD

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The series consists of 20 parts, of 16 views each, and embraces scenes in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, Greece, Egypt, Asia, Turkey, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, The Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Africa, The Malay Peninsula, India, North and South America, and Mexico, and by distinguished tourists both in this country and abroad is conceded to be the most interesting collection extant.

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The possession of such a splendid series of views is even better than a trip around the world. It saves time and money and the inconvenience of travel, and may be enjoyed not merely for a brief space, as in course of one's travels, but may be referred to at pleasure and delighted in over and over again, surrounded by all the comforts of home; and if, perchance, a personal visit should at any time be made to the scenes represented, they will be all the more enjoyed from the knowledge already had of them through the views and descriptions which make up the series as above described.

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST FOUR PARTS:

PART I CONTAINS:

1. Osborne Palace, Queen Victoria's Home on the Isle of Wight.
2. Pope's Villa at Twickenham on the Thames, near London.
3. Robert Burns's Cottage, Ayr.
4. The Giant's Causeway, County of Antrim, Ireland.
5. Lak

ONLY A DREAM.

Only a shoe, wrinkled and small;
A tiny baby shoe, that's all;
Tucked away in a drawer deep
The day the darling fell asleep.
Toothprints on the little toe
Recall the joys of long ago—
Laughing eyes and the chubby hand,
With tender touch of magic wand—
And swelling tears in mother's eyes,
Link these lower lands with the skies;
And echoing from that little shoe
The lisping love of a baby's coo.

Only small flowers, crisp and dry,
Their fragrance fled in days gone by;
Lilies and pinks which lay amid
Other wreaths on the coffin-lid.
Only the offerings of love,
"Gates ajar" or floral dove
But they touch the chord that lies
'Tween our grief and paradise.
And far beyond the stars which glint
In heaven's fairest firmament
We hear the harp-strains toned so true
Harmonize with a baby's coo.

Only a marble slab that stands
In the flower-decked meadow-lands.
Marking the grassy mound where lies
Closed in death those baby eyes.
Only a mem'ry ling'ring still,
Like a far-off song of whippoorwill,
When fading day dies soft and fair,
Wafted away on a zephyr-ed air.
Only a dream whose shadow lies,
In shimm'ring sheen from out the skies;
Falling faintly, tender and true,
Echoing lisp of a baby's coo.
—Tom M. Morgan in Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOME TALKS.

A LAW THAT IS INVARIABLE AND FINALLY WORKS FOR GOOD.

Change Is Unceasing in All Things Material—The Potencies That Are Within Each and All.

Always changing!

There is absolutely nothing fixed in this world, nor do I imagine there can be in any other. Every atom that exists is constantly changing its condition, moving onward according to law, varying its position with respect to all other atoms, and by new associations making new forms to carry out the Divine idea. It would be an absolute impossibility to find one thing which is not subject to this fiat of the Universal mind.

Always changing!

Two mornings or two evenings will never paint the sky with exactly the same coloring. The clouds that float from horizon to horizon are constantly taking on new shapes that have no resemblance each to the other. In the whole vegetable world there is a never ceasing variety. No two blades of grass are exactly alike; the leaves upon bush and tree differ in shape, in size, in color, and the differences are constantly perpetuating themselves. Go where there are hundreds of blossoms belonging to one family and they never bud and bloom in exactly the same way or with the same results, nor does each individual even retain its appearance to the eye. A bud to-day, a blossom to-morrow, anon the fruitage and then it is gone to reappear again when the germ receives its awakening touch from the angel of life. This is the story of everything that lives in the vegetable world.

Always changing!

Did you ever stand by the side of the sea and watch the waves as they came rolling in to the shore, washing now far up on the shining sands; then falling back, again advancing, but with a lesser impulse that brought them to a pause as if strength had failed before the same high line could be reached? Did you see them recede in long, pulsating lines to return again and yet again with ever renewing effort to the charge, and mark that never at exactly the same place began their recession; that never were those incoming waves of the same height, nor their white crests shaped as before? In their brief passage out to what seemed a shoreless deep and return again, change had been written upon their every part, and we knew them not.

Always changing!

Even the starry heavens follow the same inflexible law. We gaze into the depths of the sky, at the shining stars which look like diamond points fixed and invariable, at the bright round disc of the moon which floods the earth with its silver glory, and even while we gaze the whole scene changes and another picture meets the eye. Forward in its pathway the moon passes without pause or rest. The glittering stars, to the music of the spheres unheard by mortal ear, are also moving on even though with our short sight we know it not at the moment. We think of the sun as the center of the solar system of worlds, magnificent beyond finite conception, itself fixed and unvarying, but science tells us that it is never still; that it will never occupy the place again that it occupies at this passing instant.

Always changing!

Our bodies that we live in, that are the instruments with which our real selves are doing the work of life, are never the same for two succeeding moments. Physiologists demonstrate to us that every particle of substance in them to-day will, in seven years, have given place to different ones, going forth themselves to enter into other bodies, and, mark the thought, carrying the impress of physical, mental and moral health which we have given them into the new combination. And the change goes on ceaselessly.

Always changing!

What is true in the mineral, vegetable and animal worlds, what is true of the sea and sky, of flowers, of stars, of physical man, is true of everything. Events follow each other rapidly. Governments which seem fixed as the granite hills that to us are symbols of immovability, pass away into history. Even the laws of the Medes and Persians are but memories. Looking backward, and we may well believe that this nation, so proud and boastful of its progress, will, in its turn, pass onward into new conditions. These may be either better or worse as it elects by its acceptance or rejection of the means of a spiritual growth that shall keep pace with its progress in a mental and material one.

Always changing!

Oh, blessed law that brings the promise of an endless variety of experiences, of an eternity of progression! For it must mean that—it can mean nothing else. It tells us that no pain can last forever, that while we may not forget, it will surely sometimes bring a softening of the greatest sorrow. It declares that the misfortunes that overwhelm us today may pass on and leave the sky unclouded to-morrow. The burden that seems beyond the strength to carry, it will surely lighten or lift away entirely. It places before us wonderful possibilities of growth, of advancement. If we may not now possess that which we long for, it whispers that somewhere in the path of our future, the gift awaits our coming. It says that if we fail in our efforts once, twice, thrice, many times, at last other conditions will bring success. We may stumble and fall into the depths of shame and despair, but time and patience and right living will bring the blessed change that works surcease of misery and regret.

"Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." It is a blessed, blessed truth that change is written upon all things material. Only the Infinite Love is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Only Infinite Goodness knows no variableness or shadow of turning. And it is because of this grand certainty that another thing is true. I have spoken of it before, but it can never be repeated too often. Into our own hands has been placed the power of ruling to a large degree these changes for good. In every human being are the potencies of a god. That is, there is that within each individual, which if permitted, will open the door to the influx of the higher spiritual forces, and make possible what has seemed but an impossible dream. Most of us have had moments when we were conscious of a longing to do and dare all things that were difficult; when to overcome appeared easy. And for the time it was easy, because we were conscious of this higher spiritual force which might be with us always if so we willed. Doubt and fear effectually shut it away, and these are generally in control.

Some one has well written: Character is a loving process an endlessly varying movement, a continuous new creation. The unity of character is never broken, but it is never fixed. Nothing can be said to be, but all is becoming. This truth enhances the importance of holding ourselves through all uncertainties, all changes steadily in the life of hope and faith, refusing to be afraid, refusing to doubt that all things come to him who believeth.

EMILY L. BONTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Short Dissertation on the Subject of Nursing.

It has been truly said: "We never realize the value of friends until we are in trouble." It is none the less true that we seldom realize their helpfulness until we are sick.

It is not that they are not willing and anxious to help us, but so few people know what to do for a sick person, or how to do it; and in these days when la grippe, with all its supplementary ailments, is taking possession of so many homes, it behooves us to post ourselves a little in this important profession of nursing.

In the first place, we should remember that Nature's own remedy for all diseases is rest and sleep. In acute diseases, when sleep is an impossibility, give the medicine with clock-like regularity, by all means; but when the pain subsides and the sufferer sinks into a comfortable doze, do not awaken him to give the medicine or to ask him if he is asleep.

Some people like to be petted and fussed over, some people do not. Take that into consideration in your care of the sick, and, if they are a little nervous, do not sit and look at them sorrowfully, as if you were trying to impress every feature upon your memory for the last time!

Don't read all the deaths and accidents in the newspaper to them, or get into long, gloomy stories just before they are ready to go to sleep. Keep the bedclothing smooth and nice, but refrain from the frequent and vigorous "tuckings in" that jar the bed and disturb the patient.

It is necessary to keep them warm, especially their feet; satisfy yourself on this point frequently, but be sure your hands are warm if they are to come in contact with the patient's flesh. A brick, warmed in the oven and wrapped first in paper, then in flannel, is an excellent foot-warmer; but when it is cold take it out and put in a warm one; three or four bricks—cold ones at that—are undesirable bedfellows.

Hot applications are good for acute pain. A rubber bottle, partly filled with very hot water and slipped inside a flannel bag made to fit it, is an easier application, and holds heat longer than cloths wrung from hot water; but do not fill the bag, or it will lie on the patient's chest light a nightmare; and do not forget the flannel casing, for the hot rubber will burn through the skin into the flesh if it lies against it.

If a person is faint, or has a "sinking spell," one-fourth teaspoonful of spirits of camphor in one half glass of water is a better stimulant than liquor, and has no bad after-effects. A teaspoonful may be given every five minutes, which is a comfort, too, when one is anxious to be doing something.

Remember that heat is life, and where the circulation is slow, as it is with aged people and invalids, artificial heat should be constantly afforded them.

When a person is very sick, it is best, sometimes, not to ask them what you shall do for them, but to be guided by your own judgment; but when they are able to express a preference, humor it if you can; they occasionally know what they want better than you do.

Loud talking in or near a sick room is deplorable, but whispering or talking in an undertone is even worse, since the patient unconsciously strains every nerve to catch what you are saying.

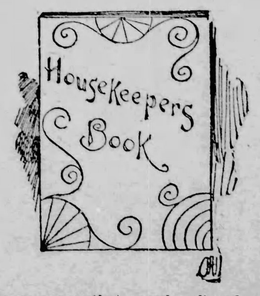
Don't talk at all within their hearing, except on pleasant subjects, and in tones that they can distinctly understand, and don't talk much any way. Next week we shall assume that the patient is better, and will offer some suggestions for the care of convalescents. L. A. F.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION

And Gifts for Those Who Are Thus to be Made Happy.

The Housekeepers' Book.

The following description is given in a recent number of the Bazar of a



pretty cover that can be slipped on over every new set of leaves which are to be used.

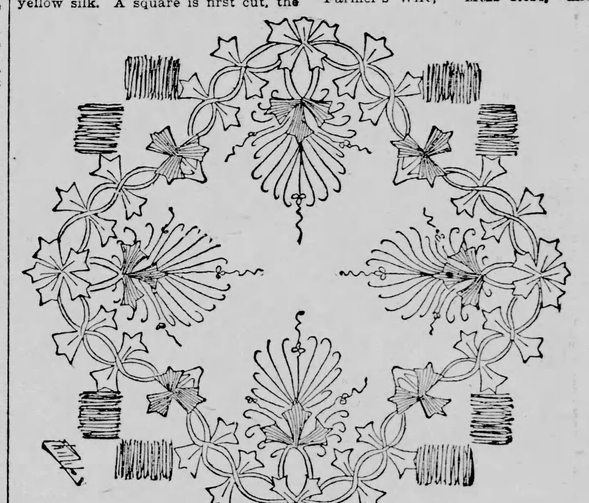
Get a blank book of the size required and enough sage-colored Agra linen and linen canvas to cover it.

Cut two pieces of canvas each the exact size of one cover of the book. Then lay these down upon the linen in such a way as to leave sufficient space between for the hinge of the back of the book—two inches above, two inches below, and two or three inches beyond at each side according to the size of the book. Make some smooth flour paste, and turn over and paste into the canvas the linen that projects both above and below. When that is quite dry, cut a strip of linen silk one-half inch larger all round than the linen, turn in the edges of each, and baste the two neatly together. Slip stitch the edges firmly, then turn over into the silk the extra width beyond the stiffening, and overhand the four ends together. Slip the covers of the book into the pockets so formed, and you will find that you have a perfect fit, and that only decoration remains to complete the work. On the cover given the lettering and conventional figures were both couched with gold before making up; but any combination of color can be made, or any other design either painted or embroidered with equally good results. Two ribbon loops, one at each edge of the cover, through which a pencil can be slipped, add a finishing touch, and serve to keep the book closed as well as to keep the convenient pencil always at hand.

Pretty Doilies.

The rage for linen doilies for the table instead of diminishing seems to increase, and where the fashion of having no tablecloths upon the polished table at luncheon is followed, a variety of these little articles to set under the plates is very necessary.

The one given here is very handsome. The finest of linen is used and the embroidery is done in white and yellow silk. A square is first cut, the



side of which is the length between two of the projecting embroidered corners. Draw the pattern and embroider the border. The leaves that are in pairs opposite to each other are done in white silk and solid. The ribbon which seems to tie them together is cat-stitched with a double line of silk, and then couched with gold along each side.

The inside figures are worked next. The three dark leaves in them are made in yellow silk with all of the lines in white. When the embroidery is done, cut out around the four corners leaving points of linen between to be fringed as shown. These points must come exactly at the center of each side.

Plain Hemstitch.

This stitch enters so largely into everything that it is well to know how it is done. Take a piece of linen in which the threads draw easily. Fold and baste them. Draw above the edge of the fold from four to six threads, according to the quality of the material; with a suitable needle and a finer number of cotton than would be used for sewing the same stuff, insert the needle into the edge of the fold, throw the thread to the left, take up a cluster of threads, pull them together, insert the needle into the edge of the fold, and repeat.

Pretty Knitting Bag.

Get some handsome brocade silk, or velvet of a pretty color 24 inches long and 12 inches wide. Line it with a plain silk or satin, fold, sew together and put a cord around the sides and

across the top. About two inches from the top sew rings in clusters of three about two inches apart, and through them pass ribbons to draw it up by having bows at the sides, as an ornament. If plain velvet is used, a spray of flowers will be handsome embroidered on one side.

The editor trusts that the Household is thinking of the prize, Sara Orne Jewett's "Deephaven," that is offered for the best fancy work article sent in before March 1. It is a very pretty and interesting book.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE

Our Daily and Weekly "Idea Exchange."

Evalina:—A common school education, with the additional accomplishments of French and music, would probably be all that would be required of a governess. The salary varies from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, lodging and washing being, of course, included. A governess is usually engaged for the entire year, a vacation being allowed her during that time, whenever it can be most conveniently arranged. The best way to obtain a situation would be to advertise in the leading papers of the larger cities. A young woman possessing good health and a love for children, combined with the education mentioned above, need have no difficulty in becoming a successful governess. Your experience in the public schools would doubtless aid you in your work.

Food for Canaries.

Do not feed canaries the mixed seed put up in boxes; they contain hemp, which is not only fattening, but weakens the song of the bird; millet and Hungarian seeds, which are both constipating, besides being very poorly filled, half the seeds having no meat in them. Feed only Sicily canary and German rape seed, buying it in separate packages and feeding alternately a week at a time. Soda crackers may be given the birds, but no bread. —Prof. J. C. Smith.

A Plea for Purity.

I saw an article in the Household of January 11, signed A. M. W., on "Spiritual and Material" things, which I think is a step in the right direction. According to Christ's teachings, those that believe have the power of healing (John 14:12). Paul, after Christ's time, healed many by simply coming in contact with articles of their wearing apparel, charging them with his vital magnetism, showing conclusively that the gift of healing did not perish with the apostles. It is the heritage of man to-day, and he could claim it, if he would live a pure and blameless life, keeping a stern control over the carnal nature. Pure thoughts and right living will bring us all health and happiness. I would like to hear more on this subject.—C. F. Waters.

An Encouraging Word for "Nex."

I must say a word to "Nex." Country life is lonely, and she cannot dread the long, dreary winters more than I do; but I try to keep too busy to be lonely. Not all work, for I believe in plenty of pleasure, but read what you can of good reading; study well the international quarterlies to keep up with other Bible students, not forgetting to tell the eldest baby nice Bible stories, which it will never forget. Then my flowers, chicks and turkeys take up some time. I also do up all of the summer sewing possible, for my family of four. I have eight to cook for. The winter months are nice also in giving us a few stormy days, when we will be free from interruptions, to look over our "piece boxes," piecing quilts out of nicest pieces, and cutting others up for rugs and carpet rags. From the best parts of wool dresses I make crazy quilts, using larger pieces and not as much fancy stitching as upon nice new ones; then line, and they make nice summer quilts. Here are only a few ways of making winter pass pleasantly. Who will tell us of more and perhaps better ways?—Auntie.

An "Auld Acquaintance" Calls.

I often wonder what has become of many of the old contributors to the Household, such as "Mrs. Galpin," "Farmer's Wife," "Moss Rose," and others of 1880. I have not forgotten the diversity of opinion in regard to the "Sunday Washings," as it was called, and "Sunday Visiting." I was a farmer's wife at that time, and had several small children to care for, and when Sunday came felt as though I wanted the day for rest and not to begin my week's work Sunday night by putting the clothes to soak, and getting the wood and water ready for Monday morning. It also seemed like a desecration of the Lord's day, when He said, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." Sunday is a sweet day of rest, if we will only devote the time to resting. I know by experience as a farmer's wife. Let her do the best she can, she has little time to devote to the cultivation of her mind, when she has a family of children to care for; the washing, ironing, and general housework, to say nothing of sewing, knitting, milking cows, making butter, and tending her chickens, with only one pair of hands to do it. And although love for the dear ones in the home nest sweetens the bitter portion put to our lips, it is bitter still. We may struggle on for love's sake until tired nature can bear no more; then sink helpless for lack of strength. Never shall I forget the long years I suffered from nervous prostration, hovering between life and death, and deeply do I sympathize with other farmers' wives who lack the health and strength to accomplish the work that lies before them. Every true wife and mother desires to make home the sweetest, dearest, place on earth; to have the surroundings tasteful and pleasing to the eye; to bring up her family with higher aims in life than simply to make money for the sake of its possession or power.—Nellie J. Watts.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Nothing Daunted by Cold. Meet to Welcome a Newcomer.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I agree with Ottile Watagua about letting the boys alone and trying to be model girls, and with Thena as to what the model girl should be, and with Winnie Wayne as to our best model. I will reply to Iris that algebra is my favorite study. I do not think that Lurley has read all of Dickens' works, for though some commence on the dark side the majority come out on the bright. My favorite authors are E. P. Roe, Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Alden. I am very fond of "Ben Hur." I do not fancy Bertha Clay's books, but I like those of Mary J. Holmes.—Valley Lily.

A Sensible Little Girl.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have read and enjoyed your letters ever since the editor gave "us girls" this corner all to ourselves, and now come knocking for admittance. I am studying to be a teacher and hope to become one in three or four years. Being only 13 years old, I do not feel qualified to give any of the girls advice, and have not considered the "ideal beau" question, but my favorite author is Miss Alcott. I would like to correspond with some of the Merry-Go-Rounds.—Mabel Nash.

"Sweet Charity's" Resolution.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—It is with deep interest I read the merry letters from the "Merry-Go-Rounds," and I venture to seek admittance to this corner.

Let us all this year make resolves that will better our moral character and cast a bright beam upon some one else; there may be golden opportunities open for us this year, let us grasp every opportunity for doing good and make the world better for our being here.—Sweet Charity.

An Apt Suggestion.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—If Miss Bouton is willing, why can we not take up some study and discuss it? I am sure we could think of many profitable things to ask about, and all questions in one issue might be answered in the next.

I should like very much to know about the young people's societies in the different churches.—Nell.

A Few Pertinent Questions.

The Merry-Go-Rounds:—Girls, what do you think about the habit of novel reading? Is there not a great deal of literature within our reach that contains a little bit of poison? Are we always benefited by our reading? I love to read, and if I were to tell you my favorite author it would be "Dickens." As long as the world exists there will be some people in it with the ways and character of the "Micawbers," "Squeerses," "Crunchers," "Sam Weller" and "Dick Swiveller." His imaginations and fancies are great, but I think, girls, the majority of us have enough imagination without the aid of novel reading.

Does it not create a thirst for such reading? I would like to hear what each one thinks about it.—Nita Vansier.

Agrees With "Winnie Wayne."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I agree with Winnie Wayne that no hero can compare with the One who gave His life for us, and I try to live day by day trusting in His love. I hope Winnie will come again. I have read "Reveries of a Bachelor" this winter and enjoyed it very much.—"Irene."

Whittier and "The Duchess."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My favorite authors are L. M. Alcott and "The Duchess." In poetry Whittier is my choice. I would not advise any girl to make a practice of reading Bertha M. Clay's works. She exaggerates; her heroines are too angelic. I am qualifying myself for a school teacher. I fully agree with "Lady Nellie" in regard to reformation. I do not believe in going with wild young men to reform them. What do the Merry-Go-Rounders think about marrying a man to reform him? Do you think it is right?—Inez.

An Excellent Diet.

Girls of the Merry-Go-Round:—May I enter your circle? I have been reading your letters with much interest, and cannot keep silent any longer. It is difficult for me to say which is my favorite author, as there are so many good writers of books. E. P. Roe's works I think are splendid; also Louisa M. Alcott's. How many of you have read "Ben-Hur," and "The Gates Ajar?" They are both excellent books. I am not a school girl any more, but I like to continue feeding my mind with good reading material.—Flo.

A "Prairie Flower" From Iowa.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My favorite author is Miss Alcott. Of other books I like "English Orphans" (can any one tell me its author?), "Hans Brinker and His Silver Skates," and "Three Midshipmen." I intended to become a teacher, but had to leave school on account of my dear mother's death. My favorite studies are history and geography. — Prairie Flower.

Some More About Novels.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am a sixteen-year-old school girl, and love my school work better than any other employment. My aim is to become a teacher. I live in sunny Kansas, and I think if you Northern boys and girls could see this country now, you would be surprised at the beautiful weather we are having. Three or four weeks ago we had the only snowstorm of the season. Do you think it wrong for a church member to read "modest novels?"—Kansas Lily.

We are glad to note that several of our girls have acted on the suggestion recently made, and notified us in their letters of their willingness to correspond with their fellow "Merry-Go-Rounds."

INQUIRIES.

Some Questions for Household Friends to Answer.

Who will give a list of house plants that will grow and blossom (especially blossom) in a dry furnace-heated sitting room, with some directions as to the care they require? Abutilons, cacti and Chinese sacred lilies are the only plants I can raise successfully. Can Chinese primroses be raised from seeds, and how?—Auntie.

I would like to know of a pretty way to make a dress for a boy of two years. The cloth is navy blue flannel, the trimming light blue, inch-wide ribbon.—A Mother.

Your request for the letters X, A and H is received, and we regret that we are unable to send them to you.—Ed.

Will some one send through the Household directions for knitting mittens with fancy back, size about 25 stitches, on a needle?—Mrs. S. N.

Will some one who knows send me instructions for organizing and conducting a sewing circle for making clothing for homeless children, or for raising money for the same purpose?—Aunt Nellie.

Will some one of the sisters of the Household tell me how to prepare a cheap paint for a floor? I live in a rented house and do not wish to go to much expense. And also a simple drapery for a mantel?—Jessie.

ANSWERS.

For Subscriber:—Rule for making starch: For 1-2 gal., take 2-3 wheat, 1-3 corn; mix, and boil at least one hour; put in a small piece of spermaceti, 1-4 teaspoonful gum arable, dissolved in water. Have articles dry, and starch both wrong and right side; rub in well, so as not to have them blister when ironed. Then pull over a board, and with a piece of dampened cloth rub out the wrinkles and clean off surplus starch. Now dry by fire, and then dampen the shirt, wring dry, and turn up over bosom; roll in a damp sheet, and let them stay for an hour or more, when they will be damp enough. Do not use any cold starch, or make them any more damp than the skirts will leave them, as they will look dirty if you do. Now iron in ordinary way; they will not look like steam laundry work as that comes from the heavy pressure.—Reddy.

To a Subscriber:—Use a small tablespoonful of "Faultless" starch to one dress shirt and two collars. Pour enough cold water on the starch to dissolve and then add warm water, not hot enough to cook the starch. Dip the bosom and cuffs of the shirt, which has been previously washed and starched in cooked starch and dried into this; wring and let lay an minute or longer, and iron, rubbing the iron with "ironing wax" to give a gloss. The "Faultless" starch is fine as flour.—Anne Boleyn.

For a Subscriber:—Take white wax 2 ozs., spermaceti 2 ozs., paraffine 1 oz., stearine 1-2 oz., gelatine, 1-4 oz., ultramarine blue 3 grs. Mix and melt slowly in a long pan on the back of the stove. When melted and cool, cut in squares about the size of caramels. Make your starch in the usual way, dissolving it in cold water and adding boiling water to cook it. When it is done, add a square of the polishing compound, letting it dissolve thoroughly before using the starch. You will notice small globules on the shirt fronts when you hang them out. Do not rub them off, but let them dry on. When dry, dampen and iron.—Belle.

For Mrs. E. P. Summers:—To prepare oatmeal for infant, cook it thoroughly, having it thin enough to strain through a wire gauze strainer, a little thicker than milk; salt and sweeten a little; add one-third milk to two-thirds oatmeal, and feed from a nursing bottle.—Jane Taylor.

To Mrs. E. P. Summers:—To 1-4 pt. milk add 3-4 pts. water, bring to a boil and stir in quickly 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, previously browned and made into a paste with a little cold water; add 2 teaspoonfuls sugar and a little salt; boil for a couple of minutes. It should be thin enough to draw through the rubber nipple of a nursing bottle. This quantity is to be used when the child is three weeks old and gradually increased. My baby ate, in 24 hours, when he was one year old, 1 qt. of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls browned flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, a little salt and water enough to thin it.—He ate nothing but this food until he was two years old.—E. C.

Remedy for Croup.—Oil of lobella 2 drs., oil stillengia 2 drs., oil caeputi 1 dr., alcohol 3 drs. Give one or two drops on a lump of sugar every half hour until relieved, and thereafter as often as necessary to keep the disease under control. Apply the same remedy externally to the throat and chest every hour. Apply hot flannels to throat and keep the feet warm.—Dr. W. R. Sober.

To Cecelia Fulton:—Eighteen years of age is a good time to commence training the voice. I know of a lady who did not begin until she was twenty-four, and who has been often complimented upon her sweet and accurate singing.—Anne Boleyn.

All Are Servants.

No woman who has been brought up to do housework dislikes it. It is only the name of servant from which she shrinks. And what unutterable folly it is, since we are all servants. No man who is unselfish, no woman who does her duty, but is at service all his or her life for some one or something. A clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a soldier, a sailor—each acknowledging the name. Surely a wife must serve her husband and children, and a child its parents; and a hired servant, who gives good value for value received, can hold up her head with any lady in the land.—New York Sun.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF REV. AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.

The Only Woman Who Has Been Made a Doctor of Divinity—What She Has Accomplished.

Among the sketches of authors, it may not be amiss to now and then insert that of one who does not belong strictly to that class of celebrities, and yet who has done enough to attract and interest the public and provoke a desire to know something of her life and work and the influence of the latter upon society. For this reason, the following regarding the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin is here given:

Miss Chapin is a descendant, in the eighth generation, of Deacon Samuel Chapin, who emigrated from Wales and settled in Springfield, Mass., about the year 1625. From this far-away ancestor, who sought a new home in what was then almost a

REV. AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.

wilderness, she may have inherited some of the strength of purpose that has made her what she is.

She was born in Lakeville, Livingston county, N. Y.; was educated in Michigan, to which state she removed with her family, at an early age. She was for several years a student of Olivet college, and also of the University of Michigan, from which last named institution she graduated, receiving the degree of Master of Arts. She began preaching in 1859; was regularly fellowshipped as a minister of the Universalist church in 1861, and was ordained at Lansing, Mich., in 1863. Since her ordination she has been engaged exclusively in missionary and pastoral work. Her principal settlements have been (in order named): Portland, Mich. (1864); Milwaukee, Wis. (1868); Iowa City, Iowa (1870); Lansing, Mich. (1874); Pittsburg, Pa. (1875); Aurora, Ills. (1878); and Oak Park, Chicago (1885).

Miss Chapin held the honorable position of chairman of the woman's general committee on religious congresses in the congress auxiliary of the World's Columbian exposition of 1893, and gave to this work many months of devoted attention. Her chief service consisted in securing competent women to take part in the great Parliament of Religions, in promoting the congresses of the various Christian denominations, and of many important religious societies of women. She also officiated as chairman of the woman's committee of her own church.

These services Miss Chapin justly considers as among the most important that she has been permitted to render to the world.

In recognition of her attainments and work, Lombard university, in June, 1893, conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the first woman in the world to receive this title.

Miss Chapin's services have been much sought for the lecture field, in which her topics are chiefly English literature and art. She holds the appointment of extension lecturer on English literature for the University of Chicago, and non resident lecturer on literature and art for Lombard university, Galesburg, Ills.

She is a member of many societies of women, among which may be mentioned the Sorosis, of New York city; King's Daughters and the Chicago Woman's club, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

She is vice president for Illinois of the National Association for the Advancement of Women, and is the president of the International Association of Women Ministers.

As may be seen, Miss Chapin has not been idle; nor is it in her nature to be other than a worker. She is strong of purpose and thoroughly in earnest in whatever she attempts to do. In the prime of life, her accomplishment in the future will be as great or greater than in the past.

RECIPES.

May Good Digestion Wait on Appetite.

Baked Beans. (Not Bostonian.)

Soak 1 qt. white beans over night. In the morning parboil them, putting 1-2 teaspoonful of soda in the kettle just before taking the beans out of the parboiling water. Pour this water out, and put in 2 qts. clear water. In this put 1 lb of fat salt pork and boil about one hour; then put in the beans and boil with the pork until they begin to crack open. Take out the beans with a skimmer into your baking pan (not pot), letting most of the soup drain back into the kettle. If the liquor is not salted enough by the pork, the beans will need to have a little salt sprinkled through them as they are put in the pan. Cut through the rind of the pork in narrow, even strips, and put it exactly in the middle of the pan after the beans are in. One hour will bake them, but two hours with a slower fire gives them a better flavor. If the beans seem too dry after baking a few minutes, dip a little of the soup over them. This soup should be left in the kettle until dinner time, then thinned, if necessary, and seasoned. It is a very good dish in cold weather. —Vermonter.

Poached Egg.

One egg (minus the treadle), 1 teaspoonful butter, 3 tablespoonfuls milk, a little salt. Beat the egg thoroughly, add the milk and salt, the butter last. Cook in a bright tin, stirring constantly to prevent burning. When it is light and dry, put into a warmed dish, cover and serve at once, with strips of dry, buttered toast and a "cup o' tay."

"Creamed Potato."

Into 1-2 cupful of milk stir 1 teaspoonful of flour made smooth in a very little cold water. Let the milk boil up, then season with butter and a little salt. Cut a baked potato into thin slices, or dice, as may be preferred; put it into the milk, and when it is thoroughly heated through, serve. This same "cream" may be poured over a nicely browned slice of bread for "cream toast."

A CONFESSION.

I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will,
Of art and drink I've had my fill.
I've comforted here, I've succored there,
I've faced my foes and I've backed my friends.
I've blundered and sometimes made amends,
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind.
For the end I know is the best of all.
—W. E. Henley.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoyn, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

A Lesson in Natural Science.

Professor—What terrestrial animal is the most terrible enemy of man?

Smart Pupil—Woman.—Truth.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE POP-CORN MAN.

There's a queer little man lives down by the street
Where two of the broadest highways meet,
In a queer little house that's half of it glass,
With windows open to all who pass,
And a low little roof that's nearly flat,
And a chimney as black as papa's best hat.
Oh, the house is built on this funny plan
Because it's the home of the pop-corn man!

How does he sleep, if he sleeps at all?
He must roll up like a rubber ball,
Or like a squirrel, and store himself
All huddily-cuddly under the shelf.
If he wanted to stretch he'd scarce have space
In his bare little, spare little, square little place.
He seems like a rat cooped up in a can,
This brisk little, frisk little pop-corn man!

I know he's wise by the way he looks,
For he's just like the man I've seen in books,
With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes,
And his wrinkles, too—oh, I know he's wise!
And then just think of the way he makes
The corn all jump into snowy flakes
With a "pop! pop! pop!" in a covered pan,
This queer little, dear little, pop-corn man!
—Clinton Scollard, in St. Nicholas.

EINAR AND THE "VIKING."

The 12th of July, 1893, was a great day at the World's Fair, especially for the Norwegians, for on that day arrived the brave little ship, the Viking and her hardy crew, who had sailed across the Atlantic and through the great lakes, all the way from Norway, in order to show that the sailors of that nation are as daring and skilful to-day as they were hundreds of years ago, when Leif Ericsson is said to have sailed to what is now the New England coast, in a ship of similar construction. But you have doubtless heard about all this, so we will only speak now of the day of the arrival of the Viking in Chicago, and how one little boy saw and enjoyed the celebration.

Einar Olsen lives in Chicago. He is not an American, as might be guessed from his queer, pretty name, but a little Norwegian boy, whose parents came to America ten years ago, when he was only two years old, and settled in Chicago, the home of so many Scandinavians.

On this 12th of July, Mr. Olsen, Einar's father, had secured a half holiday, and after an early dinner the entire family started for Jackson park—father and mother leading the way, with Einar close behind, holding the hand of his pretty sister, Christina. He was a bright, wholesome-looking little fellow, with his curly light hair and frank, pleasant face glowing with pleasure and anticipation, for his parents, who were intelligent and patriotic people, had explained the matter to the younger ones, and they had all read the editorial "Welcome" printed in the Norwegian language in several of the morning papers of Chicago.

They reached the Fair grounds an hour or two before the expected arrival of the ship, and spent some time in looking about, but soon sought the lake front and sat down on the stone-paved beach near the north pier to wait for the great event of the day; for the other sights could be seen in a later visit. It was a long wait, and the sun was very hot, but there was so much going on that was interesting and exciting that Einar forgot to be uncomfortable, as did the older members of the family, who were chatting gaily in their native tongue with some old friends and neighbors. There were so many great buildings to admire, so different from any he had ever seen! There were the big, gaily-decorated excursion boats to watch, as they steamed here and there, between the piers, sometimes coming near enough to let a faint of band music reach the people on shore; and also many smaller craft of various shapes and sizes. Even they had the appearance of being on the lookout. Then there was such an immense, shifting crowd to look at, the flaxen heads and peculiarly northern blue eyes of his own race predominating. It was even fascinating to be fooled every now and then by a false report that the vessel was in sight.

And when at last the Viking and her escort were sighted, what a rapping, banging, clanging, blare of bands and screeching of whistles there was! Einar was tremendously excited for a few moments, because the pier was in his way and he could see nothing; but very soon the whole gay water-procession came into view as it moved southward, a considerable distance from shore, and sharp eyes were busy trying to distinguish the trim, saucy little ship, with the gilded dragon's head and tail at the high prow and stern, and the red-and-white striped, queerly-rigged sail. It was rather funny to see the contrast between the diminutive stranger, not much larger than many of the tug-boats, and the big revenue cutter, excursion steamers, yachts and other craft in line to do honor to the visitor. When about opposite the battle ship Illinois, a stop was made, the Viking's sail lowered, the great oars shipped, and she was rowed nearer the shore. This was done because such was the manner in which the Vikings of old used to approach land.

Our friends, the Olsens, did not wait to see any more at this point. They knew the captain and crew of the Viking were to be transferred to one of the little electric launches and brought through the lagoon to the Administration building, and they went directly there, and secured places close to the steps, near the MacMonnies' fountain. Ropes had been stretched from the top of the steps to the building to secure for the crew a clear passage through the crowd. The Norwegian flag was flying from the big flagstaff, and an eager throng was waiting in front of the building.

Soon those in front began to exclaim "Here they come!" and every neck was stretched to get the first view. Einar pressed close to the rope, and held his breath. The first electric launch contained a brass band. As soon as they were landed, they ranged themselves on the steps and began to play in their best style the grand national hymn of Norway,

"Ja, vi elsker dette landet"
(Yes, we love this land),

many of the crowd to whom it was familiar instinctively joining in it. In the midst of this inspiring music, the second launch appeared, and the bronzed captain and his big, blond, sunburned men filed up the steps. Here they were welcomed by President Palmer, and escorted to the interior of the Administration building, where a platform had been erected for them.

There was a rush for this point, and the Olsen family were right in the midst of the jam. Einar was not tall enough to see much, so his strong, good-natured father held him on his shoulder. Einar will never forget the scene. With that race-instinct which even the very young may feel, the sight of the sea of blond uncovered heads and enthusiastic Scandinavian faces, mingled with people of another race, all doing honor to his countrymen, thrilled him. How he enjoyed President Palmer's speech of welcome, and Capt. Andersen's response! What fun it was when the crew of the Viking gave their peculiar, many-syllabled cheer, which somebody said reminded one of a gatling gun, and which was also much like one of our American college yells! How heartily he joined in the applause every time, even when he didn't quite understand what it was about; and when the band played "America," he joined some other enthusiastic spirits and sang it, just because he couldn't help it.

But it was all over at last, and our friends found a quiet corner where they sat down and enjoyed the hearty lunch that prudent Mother Olsen had provided, for it was their usual supper time. After this they took a little walk about the grounds—a jolly walk, for they were constantly meeting friends and compatriots as pleased and interested as themselves, and then they went back to the "Court of Honor," where, after dark, they admired and wondered at the buildings outlined in incandescent lights,

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and the beautiful, many-colored fountains.

They did not stay very late, for Chicago is a city of long distances, and hard-working folks like the Olsens must get up early. At 10 o'clock it was a very happy, if sleepy, little Norseman who laid his head on his pillow, his heart full of love and pride for his brave and ancient race, and good-fellowship for his adopted land, America.—C. M. Rockwell, in Woman's Journal.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT CRIED.

Once the Little Girl that Cried,
Looking through her tears, espied
Lovely motes of colored light
In the fringes of her eye—
Just as when the weather clears,
And the clouds are put to flight.

There's a rainbow in the sky,
And the Little Girl that C

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE WILSON BILL PASSED

LAST SCENES IN THE COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

Galleries Packed to Suffocation and a Riot Almost Results—Black Thursday for American Industries at the National Capitol.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The tariff debate on the Wilson bill, which has occupied the attention of the House for four weeks closed to-day with an unrivalled burst of oratory. Crisp, Reed and Wilson, the giants of the House, came forward in the closing hours to prosecute and defend the great issue—the inauguration of a new economic system in the greatest republic of the world. Attracted by the anticipation of the field day, and the speeches of the leaders, the Washington populace turned out ennasse to witness it.

The crush in the lobbies leading to the upper galleries of the House today exceeded anything in the recollection of the Capitol police. Men and women struggled and fought for positions which would lead to the galleries. Women were frightened and cried to get out of the tangled mass of humanity. The elevators carried up loads only to find an impossible barrier at the upper doors, so that the loads had to be carried down. One woman in the elevator finding that she could not get out and that the elevator hung at the top unable to discharge its burden sobbed hysterically and fainted. A large man fought desperately at the upper middle door of the gallery for admission and failing to make headway, jumped on the backs of the crowd and scrambled over heads, crushing hats and smashing heads until landed within the walls of the chamber. The officers were powerless to keep the crowds in subjection. The sergeant-at-arms of the House telephoned to the city police headquarters for a detail of police and a number were sent to assist the regular Capitol police in preventing a panic.

By the time of their arrival the excitement had subsided somewhat, many having fought their way inside while others, frightened by the confusion, were glad to make their escape.

Reed and Crisp Cheered.

The leaders on both sides were accorded ovations as they entered the hall. As ex-Speaker Reed pushed through one of the lobby doors on his way to his seat, the galleries recognized him by applause which greeted his appearance, and was prolonged for fully half a minute. Mr. Reed bowed his acknowledgments. A similar demonstration occurred when Speaker Crisp, dignified and erect, ascended the rostrum, and called the House to order. The speeches were not to begin until noon, according to the special order. The hour which intervened after the reading of the journal witnessed a continuation of the skirmish over the amendments to the barley schedule.

As the hands pointed to noon, Chairman Richardson rapped loudly for order.

"The hour of 12 o'clock having arrived," said he, "the committee will now rise and report their bill to the House."

The speaker re-ascended the rostrum and the gavel was passed to him. Mr. Richardson moved around to the area in front of the speaker's chair, and according to parliamentary formula reported that the committee of the whole had had under consideration House bill 4864 (tariff bill), and reported it to the House with sundry amendments. The speaker then announced that three hours would be allowed for closing debate.

"The chair recognizes the gentleman from Maine," said the speaker with a tast rap of the gavel for order.

Mr. Reed rose from the center of the Republican side amid the wildest cheering and hand clapping of the galleries and the huzzas of his party friends about him. Mr. Reed frowned and shook his head as though the demonstration were distasteful to him. He waited for the applause to cease. Standing in the aisle, clad in a long prince Albert coat with head erect and defiant, he looked the physical and intellectual giant. He began to speak at last, in the voice that has become so familiar to the people.

There is an aggressiveness in Mr. Reed's speech which counts for more than rhetoric. He spoke to-day with his back to his friends, his face to the foe across the aisle. Save for his ringing voice, the drop of a pin could have been heard.

Tom Reed's Speech.

Mr. Reed said: In this debate, which has extended over many weeks, one remarkable result has already been reached—a result of the deepest importance to the country. That result is that the bill before us is odious to both sides of the House. It meets with favor nowhere, and commands the respect of neither party. On this side we believe that while it pretends to give protection, it does not afford it, and on the other side they believe that while it looks toward free trade, it does not accomplish it.

Those who will vote against this bill will do so because it opens our markets to the destructive competition of foreigners, and those who vote for it, do it with a reservation that they will instantly devote themselves to a new crusade against whatever barriers are left.

Whatever speeches have been made in defense of the bill on the other side, whether by gentlemen who were responsible only to their own constituencies, or by the gentleman from West Virginia, who ought to have been steadied by his sense of responsibility to the whole country, have one and all with but rare exceptions, placed their authors uncompromisingly, except for temporary purposes, on the side of unrestricted free trade.

It is evident that there is no ground for that hope entertained by so many moderate men, that this bill, bad as it is, could be a resting place, where our manufacturing and productive industries, such as may survive, can re-establish themselves and have a sure foundation for the future, free from party bickering and party strife. Hence, also, there can be no foundation for that cry, so insidiously raised, that this bill should be passed at once, because uncertainty is worse than any bill can possibly be. Were this bill to pass both branches to-day, uncertainty would reign just the same.

"So utterly undisputed and so distinctly visible to every human being in this audience has been our growth and progress, that whatever the future industrial system of this country may be, the past system is a splendid monument of that series of successful statesmen who found the country bankrupt and distracted, and left it first on the list of nations."

Mr. Reed here quoted at length from English authorities, showing the strength of their confidence in the prosperity of this country.

These quotations are also reminders for you, Mr. Speaker, and all who hear me know that the American who has been long enough here to know his opportunities has found the best place for wages in the world.

"Is there any example in the history of the world of any nation situated like ours, who has taken the step to which we are invited? Some gentlemen, perhaps, are hastening to say that England affords us the needed example; that we have but to turn to her history and find all that we need by way of examples, just as in the statements of her political economists which shall get all that is necessary for them for guidance and instruction. Mr. Speaker, I have looked there, and I am amazed to find how little the example of England can teach me."

After quoting statistics to show the great rise in wages since 1860, Mr. Reed continued:

The Vital Question.

"The truth is that this very question of rising wages is what makes a good many men free traders. People with fixed incomes think that anything which raises wages is inimical to them, and manufacturers who have foreign markets are naturally anxious to have wages on the foreign standard.

"I confess to you that this question of wages is to me the vital question. To insure our growth in civilization and wealth, we must not only have wages as high as they are now, but constantly and steadily increasing. This desire of mine for constantly increasing wages does not have its origin in love for the individual, but in the love for the nation."

The Best Market.

Mr. Reed eulogized the American market as being the best in the world owing to the high wages paid here enabling workingmen to purchase largely of the comforts of life instead of increasing this market, he said, by leaving it to the steady increase of wages which the figures of the Aldrich report so conclusively show "and which have not only received the sanction of the members from New York, the secretary of the Treasury and the Democratic bureau of statistics, but with this testimony this committee propose to lower wages and so lessen the market and then divide that market with somebody else, and all on the chance of getting the markets of the world.

"To add to the interesting possibilities of this contention the orators on the other side say they are going to maintain wages. How can that be possible? All things sell at the cost of production. If the difference between cost of production here and cost of production in England be not equalized by the duty, then our cost of production must go down or we must go out.

Grown Rich Under Protection.

"Our laws have invited money and men and we have grown great and rich thereby. The gentleman from Illinois, (Mr. Black) has noticed that men come here, and he does not want them to come; hence he is willing that our wages shall be lowered to keep people away. Well, this is not the time to discuss immigration; but while people are coming I am glad they have not yet imbibed the gentleman's ideas and have not yet begun to clamor for lower wages.

"To sum it up, if this protection gives us money and men and our vast country needs both, it may show why we have so wonderfully prospered. If it does I am inclined to think that the way to have two jobs hunting one man is to keep on making new mills and try to prevent the committee on Ways and Means from pulling down old ones.

About the Farmer.

"But what do you say about the farmer? Well, on that subject I do not profess any special learning, but there is one simple statement I wish to make and leave the question there. If with cities growing up like magic, manufacturing villages dotting every eligible site, and all swarming with mouths to be filled, the producers of food are worse off than when half this country was a desert, I abandon sense in favor of political economy.

"One other thing I have noticed in this debate, when the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. Simpson) gets a little money ahead he does not put it into stocks in these immensely profitable manufactories; he has too much sense. He adds to his farm, and has told us so. Example is richer than precept. If the hope of agriculturists is in English free trade, they had better ponder on the fact that while the wages of artisans have increased in England $2.43 per week since 1850, the wages of agricultural laborers have only increased 72 cents, and while the Lancashire operators in the factories live as well as anybody, except Americans, the agricultural laborers are hardly better off than the continental peasantry. England's example will not do for agriculture.

What Republicans Claim.

"Here let me meet one other question, and let me meet it fairly. We are charged with having claimed that the tariff alone will raise wages. We have never made such a claim in any such form. Free traders have set up that claim for us in order to triumphantly knock it over. What we do say is that where two nations have equal skill and equal appliances and a market nearly equal to and one of them can hire labor at one-half less, nothing but a tariff can maintain the higher wages, and that we can prove.

"We are the only rival that England fears, for we alone have in our borders the population and the wages, the raw material, and within ourselves the great market which insures to us the most improved machinery. Our constant power to increase our wages insures us also continuous progress. If you wish us to follow the example of England, I say yes, with my heart, but her real example and nothing less. Let us keep protection as she did, until no rival dares to invade our territory. Then we may take our chances for a future which by that time will not be unknown.

Nobody knows as well as I do, how much I have failed to present, even, on my own comprehension of the great argument which should control this vote. I have said not a word of the great fall of prices which has always come from the competition of the whole world, rendered possible by protection, and substituted for the competion of a single island.

I have said not a word of the greatd difference between the attitude of employers who find their own workmen their best customers in their own land, and who are, therefore, moved by their own best interests to give their workmen fair wages, and those who sell abroad, and are therefore anxious for low wages at home, and on whom works unrestrictedly that pernicious doctrine, as wages fall, profits rise. These, and much more have I omitted, for there is a limit to all speaking.

We Plead in Vain.

We know, my friends, that before this tribunal we all of us plead in vain. Why we fail, let those who read the touching words of Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural, and remember that he pleaded in vain with these same men and their predecessors. Where he failed, we can not expect to succeed.

But though we fail here to-day, like our great leader of other days in the larger field, before the mightier tribunal, which will finally and forever decide this question, we shall be more than conquerors: for this great nation, shaking off, as it has once before, the influence of a lower civilization, will go on to fulfill its high destiny until over the South, as well as over the North, shall be spread the full measure of that amazing prosperity which is the wonder of the world.

Mr. Reed Applauded.

Throughout Mr. Reed's spssch he was frequently interrupted with applause, and at times the Democrats joined in the general laughter at his witticisms. When, at 1:30 o'clock, he glanced at the clock, which noted that his time had expired, the eloquent Republican entered upon his brief peroration, there was an intense stillness throughout the house. His closing reference to that former illustrious leader, Lincoln, was made in a low voice, which could hardly have been caught had not every ear on the boor and in the galleries been strained to catch every word. As he closed, his left hand was raised on high, in one of the few gestures which had marked his speech. As his hand fell and the speech closed, there was a burst of applause, which swelled into a tumultuous demonstration as the enthusiastic galleries gave shouts, hurrahs and sharp whistles, which are often heard in theaters, but seldom in the halls of Congress.

Mr. Reed bowed his acknowledgement to the demonstration, and without resuming his seat or waiting for the many hands extended to congratulate him, made his way back to the Republican cloak-room. Half way up the aisle he was met by a page bearing a huge basket of American Beauty and La France roses.

Again he bowed his acknowledgements, as the flowers brought out another burst of applause. The roses were placed on Mr. Reed's desk, and he retired to the cloak-room, where he was the center of congratulatory demonstrations by his colleagues, lasting many minutes.

While the demonstration was going on, Speaker Crisp relinquished the chair to Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, and assumed the old seat which he occupied in his days before he was elevated to the speakership. When he arose in his place he received an ovation.

Cheering for Speaker Crisp.

The Speaker is symmetrical in form, dignified in bearing, with a broad, well-poised head, fringed with a touch of silver hair on the sides, upon a pair of square shoulders. His looked the judicial-minded man he is. Until he warmed up he spoke with the hesitation of a man weighing every word and with a perceptible tremor of the lip. As he became aroused, however, he displayed more freedom and ease, until the words came in a perfect torrent, sweeping resistlessly over all opposition.

As Mr. Crisp proceeded, he was given generous applause by his Democratic associates on the floor, but his points were an argumentative character, which appealed to the student of the question rather than to the galleries. He read from the minority report, and criticised that feature which declared that the foreigners paid the tax.

In particular, the Speaker addressed himself to the ex-Speaker, although the latter was still held in the cloak-room by the congratulatory hand-shakes.

"Mr. Speaker," began Mr. Crisp, "I feel embarrassed by the vast audience here assembled, embarrassed in the idea that I may not be able to fulfill the expectations of my friends when I undertake in the period allowed in the rules of the House to answer, to reply to, and make corrections to this House, of the errors in the argument to which we have just listened.

"I assume that the cause of protection has no more able advocate; I assume that the arguments for protection can be put in no more forcible from than that to which you have listened to-day and I shall ask you dispassionately to examine with me that argument and then ask the judgment of the House as to whether the cause attempted to be sustained can be established consistently with right and justice to the people of the United States."

After this opening introductory remarks Mr. Crisp declared that an examination of the protective system would show that while it was built up for the ostensible benefit of labor it was in truth constructed for the benefit of the manufacturing classes. He pointed out that the wages of laborers in protected industries went down and those in unprotected industries went up as a result of the McKinley act. This was shown by the statistics gathered by the Senate committee on finnace.

The speaker referred to the artificial conditions created by the protection.

It took men, he said, from their natural channels and diverted them to unnatural channels. The same was true in the diversion made in the channels of trade. Protection was a Chinese wall, which not only shut out the world, but shut in the United States.

Mr. Crisp closed with an eloquent appeal to his Democratic associates to waive minor objections and to look at the great Democratic principles involved.

"Let us stand together," said he, "let us redeem our pledges. Let us pass this bill and it will carry gladness to the consuming masses, to the farmers, to the laborers and to the American people."

There was a triple round of applause as the speaker closed. A page walked toward him with a large potted plant with red flowers above surrounded with white roses below. The applause continued for more than a minute during which Mr. Crisp was warmly congratulated.

Chairman Wilson followed Speaker Crisp in an eloquent plea and long excuse for his bill.

Cries of "Vote! Vote!" followed as the West Virginian took his seat.

Ovation for Wilson.

When Wilson closed there came a remarkable scene. Wave after wave of applause echoed through the chamber. Representative Tucker and several others sprang forward and lifted Mr. Wilson from his feet to their shoulders. He was borne up the aisle above the heads of the members.

Vote in Detail.

Washington, Feb. 2.—At 6 o'clock last night, at the conclusion of one of the grandest, most imposing and most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the American Capitol, the Wilson tariff bill passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 204 to 140.

The following is a detailed vote on the final passage of the bill. Speaker Crisp's vote making the yeas 204. The nays were 140.

The yeas were as follows: Messrs. Abbott, Alderson, Alexander, Allen, Arnold, Bailey, Baker (Kan.), Baldwin, Bankhead, Barnes, Barwig, Bell (Col.), Bell (Tex.), Beltzhoover, Berry, Black, (Ga.), Black (Ills.), Blanchard, Bland, Bonner, Bowen, Bower (N. C.), Branch, Brawley, Breckenridge (Ark.), Breckenridge (Ky.), Bretz, Brickner, Brookshire, Brown, Bryan, Bunn, Burnes, Bynum, Cabaniss, Caminetti, Cannon (Cal.), Capeheart, Caruth, Catchings, Causey, Clancy, Clark (Mo.), Clark (Ala.), Cobb (Ala.), Cobb (Mo.), Cockran, Cockrell, Coffeen, Compton (Conn.), Coombs, Cooper (Fla.), Cooper (Ind.), Cooper (Tex.), Cornish, Cox, Crain, Crawford, Culberson, Davis, De Armond, De Forest, Denson, Dinsmore, Dockery, Donovan, Dunn, Dunphy, Durburrow, Edmunds, Ellis (Ky.), English, Enloe, Epes, Erdman, Everett, Fielder, Fithian, Forman, Fyan, Geisenhainer, Goldster, Goodnight, Gorman, Grady, Greshman, Griffin, Hall (Minn.), Hall (Mo.), Hammond, Hare, Harris, Harter, Hatch, Hayes, Heard, Henderson (N. C.), Hines, Holman, Hooker (Miss.), Houk (Ohio), Hudson, Hunter, Hutcheson, Ikirt, Johnston (Ohio), Jones, Kem, Kilgore, Kibbs, Kyle, Lane, Lapham, Latimer, Lawson, Layton, Lester, Lisle, Livingston, Lockwood, Lynch, Maddox, Magner, Maguire, Maller, Marshall, Martin (Ind.), McAleer, McCreary (Ky.), McCullpch, McDonald, McDearmon, McEttrick, McGann, McGaig, McKeighan, McLaurin, McMillin, McNagny, McRae, Meredith, Money, Montgomery, Morgan, Moses, Mutchler, Neill, Oates, O'Neil, Outhwaite, Paschal, Patterson, Painter, Pearson, Pence, Pendleton (Tex.), Pendleton (W. Va.), Pigott, Rayner, Reilly, Richards (O.), Richardson (Mich.), Richardson (Tenn.), Ritchie, Robbins, Rusk, Russell (Ga.), Ryan, Sayers, Shell, Simpson, Snodgrass, Somers, Springer, Stallings, Stockdale, Stone (Ky.), Strait, Swanson, Talbot (S. C.), Talbot (Md.), Tarsney, Tate, Taylor (Ind.), Terry, Tracey, Tucker, Turner, Turpin, Tyler, Warner, Washington, Weadock, Wells, Wheeler (Ala.), Whiting, Williams (Ills.), Williams (Miss.), Wilson (W. Va.), Wise, Wolverton, Woodward, Speaker Crisp. Total yeas, 204.

The Negative Vote.

Nays—Messrs. Adams (Ky.), Adams (Pa.), Aitken, Aldrich, Apsley, Avery, Babcock, Baker (N. H.), Bartholdt, Bartlett (Dem.), Belden, Bingham, Blair, Boutelle, Bowers (Cal.), Brosius, Brumm, Caldwell, Campbell (Dem.), Connon (Ill.), Chickering, Childs, Cogswell, Cooper (Wis.), Cousins, Covert (Dem.), Cummings (Dem.), Curtis (Kan.), Curtis (N. Y.), Dalzell, Daniels, Davey (Dem.), Dingley, Dolliver, Doolittle, Draper, Ellis (Or.), Fletcher, Funk, Funston, Gardner, Gear, Geary (Dem.), Gillet (N. Y.), Gillett (Mass.), Grosvenor, Grout, Hager, Hainer, Haines (Dem.), Harmer, Hartman, Haugen, Heiner, Henderson (Ill.), Henderson (Ia.), Hendrix (Dem.), Hepburn, Hermann, Hicks, Hilborn, Hitt, Hooker (N. Y.), Hopkins (Ill.), Hulick, Hull, Johnson (Ind.), Johnson (N. D.), Joy, Kiefer, Lacey, Le Fever, Linton, Loud, Louderslager, Lucas, Mahon, Marsh, Marvin (N. Y.), McCall, McCleary (Minn.), McDowell, Meiklejohn, Mercer, Meyer (Dem.), Moen, Morse, Murray, Outlands (Pop.), Northway, Page (Dem.), Payne, Perkins, Phillips, Pickler, Post, Powers, Price (Dem.), Randall, Ray, Reed, Reyburn, Robertson (Ia. Dem.), Robinson (Pa.), Russell (Conn.), Schermerhorn (Dem.), Scranton, Settle, Shaw, Sherman, Sibley (Dem.), Sickles (Dem.), Smith, Sperry (Dem.), Stephenson, Stone (Charles W.), Stone (W. Va.), Storer, Strong, Tawney, Taylor (Tenn.), Thomas, Updegraff, Van Voorhis (N. Y.), Van Voorhis (O.), Wadsworth, Walker, Wanger, Waugh, Wever, Wheeler (Ill.), White, Wilson (O.), Wilson (Wash.), Woomer, Wright (Mass.), Wright (Pa.). Total nays, 140.

There was another burst of applause as the Wilson bill passed its final vote in the House. The Democrats shook one another by the hand and Mr. Wilson was again the center of congratulations. It was exactly two minutes of 6 o'clock when the bill passed.

Mr. Wilson quickly moved to adjourn. Mr. Boutelle tried to intervene with a question of privilege, but the motion to adjourn cut him off. The House thereupon adjourned, and the exciting events of the day were over.

OF INTEREST TO INVENTORS.

Bill Introduced in the House by Congressman Hall.

Washington, Jan. 31.—A bill of interest to inventors has been introduced by Mr. Hall, of Missouri, by request. It provides that two or more patents may be obtained for an invention, whether it is capable of division mechanically or on physical lines, or the applications differ merely in former scope of claims presented; provided that the patents be issued on the same day, or if not the latter one shall be only for the unexpired term of the former.

Where two or more patents differing in form or scope of claims or otherwise have been issued the patentee may waive so much of the term of the latter patents as extends beyond the expiration of the earlier, so that all shall expire together, and the validity of the latter shall not be affected by the existence of the first patent.

GRAND MASTER SOVEREIGN

Makes an Impassioned Speech in Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—General Master Workman James R. Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, declared last night that the "black flag of anarchy is floating over the United States Treasury department at Washington, and that when the November election should come the working people of this country would rise in their might, and by means of the ballot, change the condition of affairs."

The declaration was made in the course of an address which Mr. Sovereign delivered before a large audience of workingmen.

WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN."

Death of George W. Childs, Philadelphia's Philanthropist.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—George W. Childs's illness ended in his death at 3:01 this morning. At midnight his physician issued a bulletin stating that his respiration, which became embarrassed at 10 p. m., was steadily growing worse; that his pulse was flagging and his condition was beyond hope. After midnight the patient sank rapidly, and it soon became certain that the end was near.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Mr. Childs suffered no pain and his end was peaceful. He had been unconscious for the past three days, except at intervals. The change for the worse became manifest about 9:30 last evening. His pulse faltered and he grew rapidly worse. It was then apparent that the end was near, and that his death was only a question of a few hours. Mr. Childs's lower limbs were paralyzed as has been stated. The stroke only affected his right side, he having lost the use of both his right arm and leg. Mr. Childs during his last hours lay like a child asleep, and when he grew so much worse about midnight every attempt was made to rouse him, but without avail.

There is but little reason to doubt that the immediate cause of the attack that ultimately produced death was overwork, anxiety attendant upon the efforts to see that the memory of his life-long friend, the late A. J. Drexel was properly honored. All of the day upon which came the attack was spent by Mr. Childs in preparing for the Drexel memorial services held in the Drexel institute on Saturday, January 20, two days after the fatal Thursday. Twice during the day Mr. Childs had gone in person to the institute and in person had seen that all necessary arrangements were completed. His enforced absence from the ceremony worried him profoundly, and to this fact was largely due the relapse which occurred on the night of Sunday, January 21, since which time there has been an uneasiness in the minds of the physicians as to his condition, amounting to almost a certainty that he could not recover.

The little group of friends and physicians who gathered about the death-bed of Mr. Childs simply awaited the end. They had known for several hours that death was coming. Mr. Childs grew weaker and weaker, until at 3:01 o'clock he ceased breathing. He did not show any signs of consciousness during the night, and his end was entirely calm and peaceful.

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

Something About the Man Whom the Nation Loses.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—Mr. Childs was probably as widely known as any man in the United States, and there can be no doubt that he was by far the best known resident of Philadelphia. His popularity in this city was wonderful.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore on May 12, 1829. He was educated at private schools in his native city, and even as a schoolboy exhibited a remarkable predilection for business. He was self-supporting when quite a youth, and in his twelfth year he took a position as errand boy in a Baltimore book store at a salary of $2 per week.

At the age of 13 he entered the navy and passed fifteen months at Norfolk, but the life did not suit him, and the next year he went to Philadelphia, where he secured employment in a book store. By the time he was 18 he had saved enough to embark in business for himself, and at 21 he entered the book publishing business, where he made money on several successful books. On December 8, 1864, he purchased the Public Ledger, and soon made that paper, which had hitherto been a losing venture, the leading periodical of Philadelphia.

Mr. Childs's fortune is believed to be a large one, but whether it be one million, or ten, is a question that only those intimately associated with his affairs can say. He was in receipt of a very large income for years, and he made excellent investments in many ways. But while his income was so large his expenditures also were great, especially so in support of educational and charitable institutions and indirect charities.

The profit from the publication of the Ledger is said to have averaged as high as $1,000 a day. A large interest in the Public Ledger will be absorbed by the A. J. Drexel estate, and it is probable that both his wishes and those of his partner in the ownership of the paper, the late A. J. Drexel will be carried out by the present publisher, George W. Childs Drexel. The latter young gentleman was associated with Mr. Childs as publisher, in September last.

It has been said, indeed, by many who were well acquainted with Mr. Childs, that he would make his namesake his heir, particularly in view of the fact that he had no children. It will probably be found, however, that Mr. Childs has left many specific bequests in his will and provided that the large number of people depended on his bounty, both in and out of his business, shall be continued in their good fortune, while they live. His valuable collection of manuscripts and relics he gave to the Drexel Institute about a year ago.

NIAGARA'S TUNNEL POWER.

The Electric Generators Will be Going on June 1.

Niagara Falls, Jan. 31.—The pulp grinders of the greatest paper making machines on the American continent, the Niagara Falls Paper company, are now being turned by the 3,300 horsepower developed from the vertical shafts from the depths of a 165-foot wheel pit. The official test of the wheels was made Thursday, and since then a small army of workingmen have been making the shaft connections and arranging the gearing to the various parts of the big mill.

When the word was given to start the wheels they began to do their work magnificently. This is the first development of Niagara's great tunnel power, and the big turbines have proved a great success in every particular. It was a fascinating sight to see the ponderous machinery turn, as if it were mere child's play for it, and set the vast network of shafting, covering miles of space, whirling without jar or friction. It is a great achievement for the Niagara Falls Paper company.

There remains now only the opening of the general power house, where 5,000 horse power turbines will operate 5,000 horse power electric generators for the transmission of power by electricity. This opening will take place June 1, and the event is to be celebrated by savants, engineers and state officials.

DAMAGES FROM A PRIEST.

Mrs. Carrie Ford Gets a $5,000 Verdict for Slander.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 1.—The slander suit of Mrs. Carrie Ford against her cousin, Rev. James F. Bowe, a Catholic priest in Edgerton, in which damages were claimed for $10,000, ended last night in a verdict for $5,000 in favor of the plaintiff.

FOREIGN.

LONDON POLITICIANS DISCUSSING GLADSTONE'S RESIGNATION.

They Read Between the Lines of the Denial and Predict That There Will be a European Conflict.

London, Feb. 2.—While there has been an authentic denial of the Pall Mall Gazette's announcement of Gladstone's resignation as prime minister of Great Britain, that denial is now being regarded more as a confirmation of the report than anything else. Mr. Gladstone authorized Sir Algernon West, who is his companion in Biarritz, to send out the statement, which is as follows:

"The statement that Mr. Gladstone has definitely decided, or decided at all, to resign is untrue. It is true, however, that for many months past his age and the condition of his sight and hearing have, in his judgment, made relief from public affairs desirable. Therefore his tenure of office has been at any moment liable to interruption from these causes, which are in their nature permanent.

"It remains exactly as it has been. He is ignorant of the course which events important to the nation may take even during the remainder of the present session of parliament, and he has not said nor done anything which could in any degree restrain his absolute freedom or that of his colleagues regarding the performance of the arduous duties now lying or likely to lie before them."

The intimations which are conveyed between the lines were considered of even more startling import than the fact that Mr. Gladstone might soon retire. It is not too much to say that Sir Algernon West's message, with its vague but portentious significance, will alarm Europe as nothing else has done since the declaration of war in 1870.

The question that is now agitating the minds of all political parties in London, is, "Why should Gladstone now suddenly withdraw?"

The first and most ominous answer which was suggested was that he saw burdens and reponsibilities ahead far greater than he can assume. In other words, that the Daily Telegraph was right when it declared three weeks ago: "The authorities have been warned, through the most trustworthy sources of information, that war might be thrust upon England at any moment."

Even Gladstone's friends would be unanimous that the Grand Old Man is unfit to undertake the fearful ordeal of war administration. Likewise it would be a grave error to put the country through the crisis of a change in the ministry on the eve of hostilities.

West's dispatch, written, of course, by Gladstone himself, seemed to confirm this view. If this is the true interpretation of the Grand old Man's desire to bring his public career to a close, then some recent events in Europe become pregnant with new meaning.

The great scene of reconciliation at Berlin last week, Servia's threatening crisis, the khedive's insubordination, the queer political talk in Paris, all are moves in the gigantic game of peace or war. Italy's almost helpless despair was the most important factor of all until there came this report of the retirement of England's wise and peace-loving statesman.

On which side of the scale would Gladstone's resignation weigh? Inasmuch as England is certain not to be the agressor in the threatened conflict and the other powers fear Gladstone less than almost any other probable British premier, the change might make an intending belligerent hesitate.

Not the first sign of hostile intentions is yet manifested in any quarter. What great power is deliberately planning war while protesting only peace? If Gladstone is so thoroughly convinced that war is imminent that he is arranging to turn over the government to younger hands, the warlike evidence before him must be strong. Not a scrap of it is yet known outside the innermost diplomatic circles.

The news of the great Liberal leader's desire to retire comes so unexpectedly that it is premature to discuss efforts. It should be understood that his resignation would not involve the dissolution of Parliament. It is quite feasible for the queen to appoint Lord Rosebery Premier, and Liebral rule would continue. The Conservatives are by no means desirous of a general election at the present time. The next six months will be perilous for either party, war or no war and the opposition is quite willing that the Liberals should continue to guide the ship of state through this period of a heavy budget and increased taxation.

Gladstone's retirement would imperil if not destroy the Irish Alliance, for he is the only guarantee of Liberal adherence to the home rule cause. In fact the Parliamentary situation would be completely changed, and only great national peril would maintain cohesion in the Liberal ranks.

The excitement in political circles is greater than in years past. The sudden anxiety is akin to a panic in some of its expressions. All discussion centers on the interpretation of West's dispatch. Does it mean war? That is the question which everybody is considering, but which, in the absence of light, nobody can answer.

HAS MET THE SULTAN.

Gen. Martinez Campos is in State at Tangier.

Tangier, Feb. 6.—Gen. Martinez Campos has been received by the sultan of Morocco, who made a speech in public, and declared his intention of administering exemplary punishment to the Riffs.

This is the first time in centuries that a sultan of Morocco has spoken in public.

Professor Billroth Dead.

Berlin, Feb. 6.—A dispatch from Abkazia announces the death of Professor Theodore Billroth, the celebrated German surgeon. Professor Billroth was born at Bergen, April 26, 1829, and was the author of a number of valuable works upon surgery.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE FRENCH BOMB THROWER PAYS FOR HIS CRIME.

And One of the Most Dangerous Anarchists of France is Out of the Way—An Adventurous Career.

Paris, Feb. 5.—At 7 o'clock this morning August Vaillant was guillotined in front of the Place de la Roquette. He was the anarchist who less than two months ago startled the world by throwing a bomb in the French Chamber of Deputies. He confessed his crime. His history is a most remarkable one.

He was born at Mezieres, department of Ardennes, on December 21, 1861. He was an illegitimate son and led a roving life. At one time he lived at Buenos Ayres and at another in the United States, where he passed

THE DEAD ANARCHIST.

three month teaching school. He was married in the United States, and by this marriage had a little girl whose name is Sidonie. He returned to Paris in 1887, entered into intimate relations with another woman named Marchal, and went to live in the Monmartre district, where at intervals he secured employment in a fancy leather manufactory as a workman on pocket books. An industrious life had very little attraction for him and he preferred to be a vagabond and thief.

No less than five times he was convicted of petty crimes. Up to 1886 he called himself a socialist-revolutionist, but socialist was too mild to meet his views, so he abandoned it to become an avowed anarchist. He became active as a preacher of anarchist propaganda while still retaining his membership in one of the socialist groups.

His mistress told the police that he was so good, intelligent and kind-hearted a man that he could not at first believe that he had committed his crime. Vaillant is also said to have founded the Choissy-Le-Roi Philosophical society. The bomb throwing in the chamber of deputies took place on December 9, at 4 p. m. Mirman, a Socialist, whose election had been disputed, had just descended from the tribune after a speech in favor of his claims, and M. Dupuy, the speaker, had just uttered the words, "I am about to call for a vote upon the conclusions on the sixth electoral committee," when the explosion occurred. Instantly the chamber was filled with smoke. Heart rending cries were heard from all sides, and Abbe Lemier, one of the deputies, fell from his bench, hit by one of the pieces of the bomb. If the dynamite had struck the floor before exploding, a number of people would undoubtedly been killed, but a woman sitting beside Vaillant in the public gallery, jostled his arm as he was in the act of throwing the bomb and this caused it to strike on the border of the gallery instead of the floor of the chamber. As a result, the persons injured were mostly spectators in the galleries, and nearly all the deputies escaped injury.

HAWAII'S FOURTH OF JULY.

Celebration of the Overthrow of the Dusky Queen.

San Francisco, Feb. 6.—The barkentine W. H. Diamond, arrived this morning 17 1-2 days from Honolulu, bringing papers from the islands to January 19, two days later than the advices brought by the G. Irvin. During these two days nothing of importance occurred save the celebration of the anniversary of the establishment of the provisional government on the 17th which passed off quietly. The provisional party turned out and paraded the streets in the morning 800 strong. When the procession reached the headquarters of the American legation the stars and stripes were raised and the bands played the Star Spangled Banner. A meeting was held in the evening in Palace square which attracted the largest crowd ever congregated in Honolulu.

Large numbers of Portuguese marched down the streets headed by their own band and joining the throng in front of the speaker's stand. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Atherton, H. B. Castle, W. O. Smith, Judge Robertson and Waltar G. Smith. The celebration of the day was brought to a close by a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Dole, which was largely attended.

LATER HAWAIIAN NEWS.

Which Bears Date of January 26, From Auckland, New Zealand.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by Associated Press.)

Auckland, N. Z., Feb. 2.—The steamship Mariposa has arrived here from Hawaii bringing news up to January 20.

When the Mariposa left Hawaii people were restlessly awaiting the decision of the United States Congress.

The reported landing of United States marines and sailors has no foundation in truth; and it may be said that there is no change in the situation pending the arrival of further advices from the United States government.

The newspapers which support the provisional government deny the right of the United States to restore the queen. Advices received here from Samoa, under date January 27, say that Chief Malietoa has taken steps to bring the rebellious chiefs before the chief justice. It is added that all immediate prospect of another war in Samoa is at an end.

GLADSTONE WILL RESIGN.

A Startling Announcement From the Pall Mall Gazette.

London, Jan. 31.—The Pall Mall Gazette declares that it learns from a source in which it has every confidence that Mr. Gladstone has finally decided to resign office almost immediately. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, Mr. Gladstone will announce his decision in a letter before the assembling of parliament.

This decision is said to be due to a sense of his advanced age and the great strain the late arduous session imposed upon him. Finally, it is said, Mr. Gladstone is deeply disappointed at the rejection of the home rule bill.

The Pall Mall Gazette adds that it is understood that domestic pressure has considerably influenced Mr. Gladstone in his decision.

HAVE HAD ANOTHER SCRAP.

Report of Lively Times Between the French and English in Africa.

London, Feb. 6.—The governor of Sierra Leone has telegraphed a confirmation of the report received at Liverpool yesterday to the effect that there had been another engagement between the French and British forces on the frontier of Sierra Leone and that six men had been killed. The governor, in his report, says that several men were killed on both sides and that the French attacked the British whose force was entrely composed of natives.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the latest news from Sierra Leone, says: "We cannot have these things happening weekly. No time should be lost in settling the affair with France."

ROUND ABOUT EUROPE.

M. Kliszkowski has been appointed French consul general at Quebec.

A fleet of warships has been sent to Oporto to quell a threatened insurrection.

King Alexander, of Servia, received the ministers who were impeached, but whom he amnestied. They thanked him for his clemency whereby their trials were suspended.

A despatch from Rome says that Premier Crispi will ask the chamber immediately after the opening of the session to grant an increase of 500,000 lire in the credit for public safety.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Yesterday was a field day in the House. The opponents of the income tax had their opportunity. Messrs. Covert and Bartlett and Johnson, (O.), all Democrats, presented their opposition along with the Republicans to the proposition to impose a special tax on wealth. But it remained for Bourke Cockran, the great Tammany orator, to eclipse with his eloquence against the measure all the speeches he has ever made in Congress. Mr. Bryan closed the debate for the day in defense of the income tax, and he, too, made an eloquent speech.

The bond question came up in the Senate again, and after a long debate went over by unanimous consent until to-day. The significant feature of the discussion was the firm stand taken by Senator Sherman in favor of the authority of Secretary Carlisle to issue the bonds. The gold reserve he declared to be a fund which should be preserved inviolate, and he thought it even mandatory rather than discretionary with Carlisle to sell at least sufficient bonds to restore the gold reserve.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The internal revenue bill was placed as a rider upon the tariff bill yesterday afternoon, by a vote of 175 to 64. The entire day was spent in the consideration of amendments which were offered to the various internal revenue features. The principal fight came upon the proposal to increase the tax upon whisky from 90 cents to $1, and extend the bonded period from three to eight years. These provisions, and especially the one looking to an increase of the bonded period, were bitterly opposed by prominent members upon both sides of the house, and despite the opposition the latter proposition, that is the one to increase the bonded period to eight years, was stricken out, while the increase of the tax from 90 cents to $1 was allowed to stand. Only one other amendment of importance to the internal revenue features of the bill was carried. It was a provision to extend the operation of the income tax to all moneys and personal property given or bequeathed by inheritance. This, it is estimated, will increase the revenue from the income tax about $3,000,000 per annum.

After the disposal of the internal revenue amendments, a row occurred over the four amendments to the barley schedule which were pending last Saturday, and by dint of maneuvering Mr. Lockwood, who is opposing them, managed to prevent a vote until the hour of recess arrived. The entire time of the Senate was consumed in the discussion of the resolution of Senator Stewart of Nevada, declaring that the secretary of the Treasury has no power to issue the bonds for which bids have been invited.

Washington, Feb. 2.—At 6 o'clock last night, at the conclusion of one of the grandest, most imposing and most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the American Capitol, the Wilson tariff bill passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 204 to 140.

After ex Speaker Reed, Speaker Crisp and Prof. Wilson had occupied three hours in closing the debate, and other amendments, including that to amendment abolishing the bounty on sugar and that placing refined sugar on the free list, were then agreed to in bulk without division.

The first amendment, placing wool on the free list immediately upon the passage of the bill, was lost, and the date was set at August 2. The amendment fixing the date as December 2, when the manufactured woolens schedule should go into effect, was also adopted—200-136. The vote was then taken upon the amendment providing for reciprocity in petroleum and it was carried—177-47.

The principal speeches of the day in the Senate were made by Senator Stewart and Senator Allison, both of whom contended that the secretary of the Treasury had no power to issue bonds for other purposes than redemption, and that it would be a violation of law for the secretary of the Treasury to use the money thus accruing for the purpose of meeting current expenditures. Senator Dubois, of Idaho, Republican, said he could not vote for Senator Stewart's resolution, because it denied the power of the secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds for any purpose. Senator Call, of Florida, took the position that the secretary of the Treasury had not the power to issue bonds for the purposes contemplated. At 5:30 o'clock, on motion of Senator Faulkner, the Senate went into executive session.

Washington, Feb. 3.—The debate on the Hawaiian matter began in the House under a special order, which will bring it to a vote next Monday at 4 o'clock. The adoption of the order was preceded by a very lively passage at arms between Mr. Boutelle and Mr. Catchings, a member of the committee on Rules, which resulted in two attempts made by the former to have the words of the latter excepted to by the House and subject him to censure. Only two speeches were made, the first by Mr. McCreary, which was the opening argument in support of the resolution under discussion, and which consisted of a very long, critical and analytical review of the entire situation from the first inception of the revolution early in 1892, to its consummation in January, 1893.

Mr. Hitt's reply was marked by great feeling and vigorous utterances. In his denunciation of the policy of Mr. Cleveland and his characterization of the deposed queen, he used the strongest possible terms, frequently eliciting the applause of his Republican colleagues. He had not concluded his speech when the House adjourned.

The day in the Senate was not an eventful one. After an hour's debate early in the session the resolution of Senator Peffer was adopted, calling upon the secretary of the Treasury for the names of the bidders for United States bonds, and the amount of the bids and the rate of interest. The original resolution of Senator Stewart, denying the authority of the secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds at this time, was then taken up and consumed the remainder of the day, Senator Vilas making the principal argument in opposition to the resolution. The Senate adjourned without action on the resolution, pending general resolution authorizing the secretary of the Treasury to provide suitable boxes or cases for the bronze medal awarded exhibitors at the World's Columbian Exposition which was reported by Senator Vilas and passed by the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 5.—All day Saturday in the House was occupied with the Hawaiian debate. There was nothing out of the regular order. Democrats sustained the administration and Republicans attacked it.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Hawaiian debate again occupied the attention of the House yesterday, a night session being held to permit speeches by those members who desired to talk, but who otherwise would not have had an opportunity to do so on account of the limited time allowed. The principal speeches were made by Messrs. Johnson of Indiana, Boutelle of Maine, Patterson of Tennessee, and Black of Illinois.

Federal elections repeal bill occupied the entire time of the Senate yesterday.

ALL EVIDENCE IS IN.

The Hawaiian Investigating Committee Ready to Report.

Washington, Feb. 1.—There will be very few, if any more witnesses before the Senate Hawaiian investigation committee. Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee, said today that so far as he knew at this time, no others would be summoned. The Senator also expressed gratification that the end was in sight, as the work has been a tedious one and more prolonged than was at first contemplated. Senator Morgan said no report would probably be made for ten days or two weeks, and his estimate is more likely to be too short than too long.

What the report will recommend to the Senate, no one can say. It is not unlikely that there will be two reports, and perhaps three, for it is hardly considered probable that a patchwork could be agreed upon which would harmonize the views of all the members of the committee.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Names Sent to the Senate by the President.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the Senate: Thomas B. Ferguson, of Maryland, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Sweden and Norway. To be collectors of customs: John J. King, Mobile, Ala.; Julius A. Taylor, to be attorney of the United States for the Western district of Tennessee.

Senate Confirmations.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The Senate in executive session yesterday confirmed seven nominations, including those of Charles D. Rogers, to be clerk of the district court of Alaska, and Oliver Claus, to be postmaster at Lehighton, Pa., against whom charges were made in committee.

The other confirmations were as follows: Consuls, W. H. Bruhl, of Texas, at Catula, Italy; Edgar Battle, of Texas, at Acapulco, Mexico.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The Senate in executive session yesterday made public the following confirmations:

Lieutenant Colonel Amos Stickney, corps of engineers, United States army, and Major Charles J. Allen, corps of engineers, United States army, as members of the Mississippi river commission. John T. Leslie, to be collector of customs for the district of Tampa, Fla. William N. Hood, to be postmaster at Washington, Ia. Jesse K. Willett, to be postmaster at Waldoboro, Me.

ADMIRAL BENHAM'S REPORT.

Minister Thompson Also Corroborates the Story.

Washington, Feb. 1.—Secretary Herbert to-day gave out the following cable dispatch received from Admiral Benham on Tuesday:

Rio, Jan. 29, 1894.

To Secretary of Navy, Washington, D. C.:

Two American merchant vessels Saturday were prevented from going alongside the wharf. To-day, 6 a. m., I sent the Detroit to take a position that would protect vessels going alongside the wharf and if fired upon to return fire. My vessels under way and cleared for action. After the Detroit took position, boat from one vessel running line preparatory to haul in was fired upon with muskets from insurgent ship.

Detroit returned fire with one-pounder, shot striking under her bow. Insurgents fired broadside gun leeward. Later, insurgents fired broadside gun over American merchant vessel. Detroit returned fire with muskets, striking insurgent stern-post. Passing by insurgent he was hailed, saying, "If you fire again I will return your fire, and if necessary will sink you." Detroit anchored to command voth vessels, one merchant vessel having been carried to new position near wharf, and tug having offered services gratuitously the discharge cargo. Insurgent leader was notified these vessels would discharge from the present position, but that any determination was not changed—to give American merchant vessels full protection to the wharf they desire to go. BENHAM.

Secretary Gresham's Dispatch.

Secretary Gresham has received a dispatch from Minister Thompson, at Rio de Janeiro, confirming the details of Admiral Benham's encounter with the insurgents. After relating the story of the occurrence exactly as told in Admiral Benham's dispatch to Secretary Herbert, Minister Thompson says:

Benham has not intervened in the least with military or naval operations of either side, nor is it his intention to do so. He has notified insurgents that it is his duty to protect Americans and commerce of the United States, and this he intends to do and says American vessels must not be interfered with in their movements, but they must take the consequences when getting in the line of fire, where legitimate hostilities are actually in progress. Until belligerent rights are accorded, insurgents have no right to exercise authority over American vessels or property.

Right of insurgents to search neutral vessels or to seize any portion of their cargoes is denied, even though they be within the class which may be defined as contraband of war, during hostilities between two independent governments. Forcible seizure of such articles in the present status of insurgents would constitute an act of piracy.

Since the effective action of Monday everything is quiet. Attempted blockade to commerce and trade is broken, and the events move smoothly. All foreign commanders concur as far as I am advised.

(Signed) "THOMPSON."

Secretary Herbert's Dispatch.

Secretary Herbert to-day sent the following dispatch to Admiral Benham:

Washington, Feb. 1.

Benham, Rio:

Further information received from United States minister. We are satisfied entirely with the prudence and judgment with which you have carried out instructions and protected American commerce. Rely upon you for continued exercise of wise discretion. (Signed) HERBERT.

SENT TO CONGRESS.

The Dispatch Sent by Minister Willis to Secretary Gresham.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The President to-day transmitted to Congress the dispatch received from Minister Willis on last Saturday. The letter of President Dole is not included for lack of time to transcribe it after Mr. Willis received it. Dispatches 25, 26 and 27 which are withheld are merely statements of accounts, legation requisitions, etc. The dispatch of Minister Willis is as follows:

(Confidential.)

Legation of the United States,
Honolulu, H. I., Jan. 12, 1894.

No. 27 1-2.

Hon. W. Q. Gresham, Secretary of State.

Sir:—On yesterday at 6:30 p. m., I received the Hon. S. B. Dole's answer to my letter of January 1, requesting him "at his earliest convenience" to give me the specifications contained in a prior letter. His answer it about fifty pages of closely written official paper, and has been delivered too late to either copy or reply to in time for the steamer leaving at 2 p. m. to-day.

There is one extract, however, to which I think your attention should be called, wherein it is stated "this government has been and NOW IS subjected to the necessity of increased watchfulness, and a large additional expense, which but for such attitude, would have been unnecessary." The emphasis above is mine. In a previous letter of December 27, Minister Dole had stated "the government offices have been placed and still continue in a condition of defense and preparation for siege, and the community has been put into a state of mind bordering on terrorism." Some portions of the letter from which these extracts are made confirm the above statements while others seem to negative them. With this explanation I submit them to your consideration.

The next steamer leaves here February 3, which would place you in possession of Mr. Dole's letter and my proposed reply thereto about February 18. Very respectfully,

ALBERT S. WILLIS.

THEY DON'T FAVOR IT.

Taking Off the Tax on State Bank Circulation.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The effort to repeal the tax on state banks' circulation was defeated in the committee on banking to-day by a vote of eight yeas to nine nays. The vote was taken on the bill of Representative Cox (Dem., Tenn.), which relieves state banks from any tax on their circulation, but does not extend the relief to circulation issued by private individuals or corporations.

The vote in detail was as follows:

For the bill—Cox, Tenn.; Cobb, Ala.; Hall, Mo.; Ellis, Ky.; Johnson, O.; Cobb, Mo.; Black, Ga., and Culberson, Tex., all Democrats.

Against the bill—Springer, Ill.; Sperry, Conn.; Warner, N. Y., Democrats, and Johnson, Ind.; Brosius, Pa.; Walker, Mass.; Russell, Conn.; Henderson, Ill., and Naugen, Wis., Republicans.

The favorable votes of Johnson, of Ohio, and Cobb, of Missouri, were given with the reservation that they would vote against the bill on the floor of the House. A second vote was taken, on a motion to reconsider the motion to lay on the table. This time the lines were differently drawn, although the result was the same, 9 to 8: Ayes—Sperry, Culberson, Walker, Brosius, Henderson, Russell, Haugen, Johnson (Ind.), Springer. Nays—Cox, Cobb (Mo.), Cobb (Ala.), Ellis, Warner, Johnson (Ohio), Black, Hall.

Public Debt Increasing.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The debt statement issued to-day shows an increase of the public debt for the month of January of $7,830,064; cash in the treasury, $737,120,153.

Weak Kidneys

Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores *vital electricity*, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

Price, 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

HAWLEY'S ARGUMENT

Against Repealing the Federal Election Laws.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The bill repealing the federal election laws came up immediately after the preliminary business in the Senate this morning, and Senator Hawley (Rep., Conn.) took the floor in opposition to the bill.

"Everybody knows that this bill is to pass," said he. "In fact immediately after the triumph of the Democratic party at the polls at the last election it was known that this law would be repealed. This marks a distinct era in the history of the country—at least as regards the ballot. It may cause a new interpretation of the constitution, upon the provisions of the constitution supposed to have been settled beyond doubt for a hundred years. The very preamble of the constitution is sufficient to indicate that the power to make laws for the regulation of congressional elections is invested in Congress.

Senator Hawley quoted the constitution providing for the election of members of Congress and said: "There can be nothing plainer than this. James Madison, one of the greatest interpreters and expounders of the constitution, said that this power in the national government was necessary in order to prevent its own dissolution. He said that this power was necessary in order to perpetuate the national government; but, it is said, that these laws are a failure; that they have not succeeded. No law has ever succeeded in preventing offenses. There have been audacious crimes committed even in the last year in the North. When we consent to the disfranchisement of citizens we need not say we can confine it to the South. When the people see the United States Congress treating with disrespect any attempt to protect their vote how easy a thing is it for them to suppose that the end shall justify the means in New York, or St. Louis or Hartford, or Boston.

AN ALASKA TREATY

Sent to the Senate by President Cleveland.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a treaty negotiated with the representatives of the government of Great Britain for the extension of the time for making the survey of the boundary line between Alaska and the British possessions. The original treaty providing for a joint commission for this work was negotiated and ratified during the summer of 1892, and the commissioners appointed on behalf of the two governments.

In accordance with the terms of this treaty the commission was to make a survey of the territory adjacent to the boundary line of the United States and Canada dividing Alaska from the Northwest Territory from the latitude of 54.40 north to the point where the boundary line enters the 141st degree of longitude west.

The purpose of the survey is to set at rest some questions of dispute, going back to the time of the ownership of Alaska by Russia, and involving the conflicting claims made by the two countries to land along the seacoast opposite the channel islands.

Under the terms of the treaty the commission was to complete its work within a period of two years, which time would expire this fall. It has been found impracticable to accomplish this, and the present treaty extends the time for another year.

AMERICAN WHEAT AND FLOUR.

Report Made by Consul Bedle, From Sheffield, England.

Washington, Feb. 6.—B. R. Bedle, United States consul at Sheffield, has made a report on the American wheat and flour trade in his department. The flour mostly used there is known as the XXX standard. No American wheat flour seems to come into the district. For the year ending June 30, 1893, 440,000 bushels of American wheat were imported from all parts of America; from all other countries, 2,200,000. People are prepared to use American flour provided they get good quality at a low price.

The United States consul at Barranquilla, United States of Columbia, thinks most of the natives prefer their native bread to that made of American wheat flour. No American wheat is ever imported. He thinks the lack of wheaten bread-eaters the principal obstacle to increasing the trade.

James Vloses, consul at La Paz, Bolivia, says native flour from the neighboring state of Sonoro, Mexico, and the northern portion of this territory is now used entirely. It is of poor quality. The amount of native flour consumed is from 150 to 200 tons per month. Import duty is about $10.66 per barrel. This is prohibitory.

P. C. Penfield, consul general at Cairo, says Egypt produces a surplus of breadstuffs and exports to Europe.

WILL RUSH IT THROUGH.

Democratic Senators Want No Hearings on the Tariff.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Democratic members of the Senate committee on finance were in executive session over an hour to-day. They agreed to grant no hearings at all on the Wilson tariff bill, and authorized Senator Voorhees to prepare a statement on their reasons, which he has not yet put in shape.

It is understood, however, that he will say that at a time like the present when business is depressed and there is great anxiety as to what is to be done with the tariff time is an important element, and it is important to have the bill reported to the Senate as soon as possible; that if hearings were at once begun there would be no way of limiting time, except by doing injustice to some interests, and that all that could be said by those who would appear before the committee has been said before the House committee on ways and means.

The Republican senators accept the decision with composure, but they will make a vigorous protest and will promptly move to recommit the bill when reported to the Senate to give interested parties a chance to state their objections to the measure.

IMPORTANT INTERESTS

Delayed by the Senate's Failure to Confirm a Supreme Court Justice.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Probably the most important interest affected by the delay of the Senate in giving a full bench to the Supreme court is the settlement of titles to mineral lands along the Northern Pacific railroad. By its charter this road was given the alternate sections of land 40 miles each side of its track excepting the mineral lands, but the question has arisen in numerous law suits whether the title was for those sections which were known to contain mineral deposits when the grants took effect, or also for all lands in which mineral deposits have since been discovered.

Circuit court decisions have placed the first construction upon the grants, and there has been a test case, of Richard P. Borden against the Northern Pacific before the Supreme court for more than a year. This case has been once argued, but is now sidetracked to await the confirmation of a ninth justice. Upon its decision depends the title to all the recently discovered mineral wealth along the Northern Pacific for an 80 miles belt across the whole state of Montana.

ONE AGAINST TILLMAN.

Commissioner Seymour Won't Have to Register the Palmetto.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Court of Appeals of the district has reversed the decision of Judge Bradley in the Palmetto trade mark liquor case and Commissioner of Patents Seymour this time has scored a point on Governor Tillman of South Carolina. After the commissioner had refused to register the trade mark sought by Governor Tillman for the South Carolina state brand of liquor Judge Bradley on application of the state of South Carolina issued a mandamus requiring the commissioner of patents to register the trade mark. From this decision the commissioner appealed and the Court of Appeals has reversed the action of Judge Bradley.

M'CREARY'S RESOLUTION

Will be Amended in the House if There is Time.

Washington, Feb. 6.—It has developed that quite a number of amendments to the pending Hawaiian resolution in the House are awaiting introduction. One of these is by Representative Black, of Illinois, and another by Representative Cockrell, of Texas. These, with the Holman amendment, will make three propositions differing from the McCreary resolution which seek to determine the policy of the House on the Hawaiian question.

None of the three propositions have been summoned to the House and there is a prospect that they may be crowded out from even presentation by the rigid application of the rule under which Mr. McCreary said today that he was ready to offer his modified resolution, but there was doubt as to his getting recognition from the chair for this purpose.

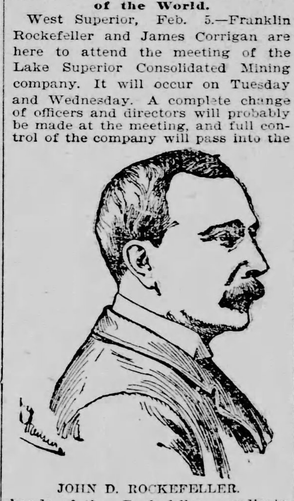
Speaker Crisp has already ruled that the McCreary resolution is open to amendment, but Messrs. Holman, Black and Cockrell foresee that speeches may continue up to the very moment of 3:30 o'clock to-day when the rule compels the vote to be taken without delay for amendments, substitutes or anything else.

It is understood that the Black and Cockrell amendments are substantially similar to that of Mr. Holman in declaring against American interference in behalf of the monarchy.

ROCKEFELLER MAKES THE BIGGEST DEAL OF THE DECADE.

He Now Controls the Iron Trade of the World.

West Superior, Feb. 5.—Franklin Rockefeller and James Corrigan are here to attend the meeting of the Lake Superior Consolidated Mining company. It will occur on Tuesday and Wednesday. A complete change of officers and directors will probably be made at the meeting, and full control of the company will pass into the



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

hands of the Rockefeller syndicate Dispatches from New York to-day so state, and iron men here who are posted say that in their opinion the mines will pass to the Rockefeller people.

This will let out the Merritts, formerly the strongest stockholders and the pioneer iron men of the Mesaba range and builders of the Mesaba & Northern road, which carries the Mesaba ore to the docks here. Lon Merritt was in New York about ten days ago, and a Superior iron man, while there at the same time, was informed that Merritt had made arrangements to secure $1,500,000, which would put them in a position to retain their interests. It was reported that the Merritts were pushed for ready cash, and the money Lon Merritt arranged for in New York has not arrived. It is probable that they have sold to the Rockefeller syndicate. The details will not be known until after the meeting. The Lake Superior company controls all the best bessemer mines on the Mesaba range, and its original capital was $17,000,000.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON

Is Getting Ready to Deliver His $25,000 Lectures in California.

Indianapolis, Feb. 2.—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison is making active preparations for his trip to California, where he is to deliver the first of his lectures before the students of Leland Stanford, Jr., university. He will start in about two weeks. He will be accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. McKee, and her family and his private secretary. Speaking of his coming trip last night Gen. Harrison said:

"We shall be in California about six weeks. I cannot possibly say as to the exact number of lectures that I shall deliver. They will be upon the broad subject of constitutional law, which subject embraces so large a field that I cannot pretend to do it justice in so short a space of time, as each of the many specific questions involved would necessarily have to be treated so briefly as to be scarcely comprehensive."

Gen. Harrison was asked whether or not he would return to the university next year and complete the course, or continue it, and he replied: "Well, I cannot say positively at present, but it is possible that I shall; but no arrangements have as yet been perfected to this end; this will be determined later. I have been engaged very actively for some time upon the preparation of the lectures which have not as yet been divided into any certain number, and it is on this account that I cannot state as to what the exact number of lectures that I shall deliver.

"The matter is now in the shape of one continuous discussion, which can be separated by topics or divisions, as the circumstances demand. The lines of thought carried out or the treatment of the subject I would of course not care about discussing, as it would not be in any sense advisable."

HE WANTED A CHANGE,

And Now He Has More Than He Knows What to Do With.

Gloversville, N. Y., Feb. 2.—Daniel B. Judson, of Kingsboro', in this county, the oldest and largest glove manufacturer in the United States, has assigned to Whyland West, J. B. and C. W. Judson, for the benefit of his creditors. The liabilities are $250,000. Mr Judson during the campaign of 1892, was a "tariff reform" Democrat, and advocated with all the vigor he could command "a change." At the big Cleveland demonstration in Gloversville in October of that year, coming soon after a Republican meeting at which ex-Congressman Roswell G. Horr made the prediction that, in case Cleveland were elected, the wages of the glove workers would be cut and many would be thrown out of employment, Mr. Judson in his address to declare, in a pictorial sort of way, in answer to Mr. Horr's declaration, that he did not believe any of the glovemakers would be thrown out of employment or have their wages reduced, and he assured all who had any misgivings about this that in case, during Cleveland's administration, any were thrown out of work, he would give them employment at his factory.

This declaration got Mr. Judson into a world of trouble. All the glove factories of this locality have been closed for months, Mr. Judson's with the others, and the latter has received over 8,000 applications for work from the misguided employes. Judson has scarcely ventured on the streets for months. Little children would remark as they saw him: "There goes Daniel Judson. He'll give you work," until it has become a phrase in the community. Now to have the announcement come that Mr. Judson has been obliged to assign after his years of prominence and business prosperity is a matter of unusual regret, a condition made possible, as most people here believe, by injuries such as he did as to the proper policy of our government. Fulton county gave Harrison about 700 majority. It went Republican by about 2,000 last fall. His factory employed about 1,000 hands when running.

UNION PACIFIC EMPLOYES

Hold a Mass Meeting to Protest Against a Reduction.

Laramie, Wyo., Feb. 2.—A mass meeting of several hundred Union Pacific employes was held in this city this evening, and speeches were made protesting against the reduction of wages to go into effect March 1. Delegates have been selected from all organizations here to go to Cheyenne Saturday, when counsel will present the employes' case to Judge Rider before he acts on the petition of the company.

SENSIBLE TALK FROM NORTHERN PACIFIC EMPLOYES.

They Will Exhaust All Other Means Before They Will Resort to a Strike—Call It Nonsense.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 6.—The chiefs of the railway brotherhoods now in the city to consider the grievances of the Northern Pacific employes will leave here for Milwaukee to-morrow night for a conference with General Manager Kendrick, and the receivers of the Northern Pacific, having been agreed on Thursday in that city. There has been no strike ordered, and will be no decision of any sort in the matter, until after this conference. Even should the conference result in the defeat of the men, a unanimous vote of the grand officers of the brotherhoods is required to order a strike, and that is scarcely likely from present indication. The chiefs without exception denounce the rumors of a strike as "nonsense" and "without any foundation." They claim that all actions against them have not been legal, and are occasionally inclined to be bitter in expressing themselves against the injunction order of Judge Jenkins, but assert positively that a strike is a last resort, and will not even be considered until all other means of attaining their end have failed.

NEW TRIAL FOR M'NAMARA.

Plans of the Attorneys in His Interest—Religious Feeling Intense.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 6.—The attorneys of "Bishop" McNamara, who was found guilty of criminal libel in charging vices against the Rev. Father Dalton, the Catholic priest, and was found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500, will ask to-day for a habeas corpus and a new trial for their client and for a reduction of bail. The application will be made on the alleged facts that two of the jurors had expressed opinions unfavorable to their client before the trial; that another was a deputy marshal and was summoned by the marshal himself to serve in the case; and that the law was violated in that the marshal instead of a constable of the Justice's court in which the case was tried summoned the jury. The "Bishop's" attorney will also apply for a reduction of bail in the cases of Bishop the Rev. Father Lillis and Mother Superior Vincent of St. Joseph's Convent. They hope thus to secure their client's release.

The trial of the latter two cases is set for next Thursday, and it is believed there will then be a repetition of the troublous times that followed the "Bishop's" A. P. A. lectures against the Catholic church. The defense has summoned as witnesses the Rev. Fathers Lillis and Dalton, Mother Superior Vincent, and Bishop Hogan, by whom they hope to prove the charges of the prevalence of improper conduct among priests and nuns of the church in general and the Kansas City priests and nuns in particular. The examination of these witnesses on these points before a court-room filled with people, whose minds are already inflamed to passion by religious prejudice, it is believed will lead to trouble.

"Bishop" McNamara has been brought to Kansas City from Independence, where he was tried last week on a change of venue for safe keeping, and the marshal is even now planning to take him back there secretly for next Thursday's trial so as to frustrate any attempt on the part of the A. P. A. to rescue him or the Catholics to do him injury. Two members of the jury who convicted the "bishop" have been boycotted by the A. P. A., and one anonymous circular has been issued calling upon all persons who favor religious freedom especially to boycott a leading confectioner who is said to have taken a prominent part in the organization and work of the A. P. A.

WON A SUBSTANTIAL VICTORY.

The City of Detroit Against a Street Railroad Company.

Detroit, Jan. 31.—The city has won a substantial victory in its suit against the Detroit Citizens' Street Railway company, involving the validity of the company's franchises. Some months ago a decision was rendered by Judge Taft in the United States Circuit court, holding that the company's right to the use of most of the principal streets had expired. Argument was subsequently heard as to whether the city was not estopped from proceeding against the new company through having recognized the validity of the amended franchise giving it renewed life until 1909. Judge Taft's decision was handed down this morning, deciding against the company's claim. Several millions of dollars are involved and unless an appeal is taken to the United States Supreme court, the company will have to give immediate possession of the streets to the municipality.

WHERE ARE THE HEIRS?

Western Reserve Title Extends to the Center of Lake Erie.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 31.—A question as to the ownership of valuable lands claimed by the Lake Shore, and Cleveland & Pittsburg railroads has arisen as a result of the unexpected finding of the original deed of the entire Western Reserve, made in 1800. The deed is from President John Adams to the state of Connecticut, and places as the northern boundary the center of Lake Erie. The ownership of the land in the lake by the railroads is thus possibly the property of the heirs of the Connecticut Land company.

HE IS HARRISON'S FRIEND,

And is Suggested by Hon. Thomas H. Carter.

New York, Feb. 3.—Hon. Thomas C. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, was asked yesterday if the Northwest would present a candidate at the next Republican Presidential convention.

"Well," replied the ex-congressman from Montana, "the friends of ex-Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, speak of him as a strong candidate, who is thoroughly identified with the interests of the Northwest.

"His name will no doubt receive favorable consideration," added Mr. Carter.

HAVEN'T YET RESIGNED,

But Will Now be Bounced by Governor Rich.

Lansing, Mich. Feb. 6.—The resignations of the three state officers, Jochim, Hambitzer and Berry, were not forthcoming this morning, and Governor Rich stated that he would at once prepare the necessary papers and remove them from office to-morrow.

Land Commissioner Berry is the only member of the board here to-day, and he told the governor he was undecided as to his course. The governor sends this as an indication of fight on the part of the board, and will take steps accordingly.

REVERSED THE DECISION

Fining Director General Davis and Others.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—The appellate court to-day reversed the decision of Judge Stein made last summer, fining Director General Davis and directors of the World's Fair for contempt of court.

The officials were fined various sums for closing the Fair on Sunday, an injunction restraining such action had been granted by Judge Stein. An appeal was taken, resulting in the reversal to-day.

WILL BE OPEN UNTIL AUGUST.

California Midwinter Fair Will be Extended a Month.

San Francisco, Feb. 6.—The Mid-Winter Fair will be extended a month beyond the time first proposed.

The managers have decided that as there was a delay of a month in opening, that should be made up at the other end. The fair will not close until July 31, and probably not until August.

A. P. A.'s in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 31.—A committee of the American Protective Association called on the Democratic city committee this morning and made a formal demand that no Catholics be allowed places on the city ticket at the election this spring.

The committee took the matter under consideration, but no one believes that it will accede to the demand. A similar demand is to be made on the Republicans.

From the Moment of Birth use CUTICURA SOAP

It is not only the purest, sweetest and most refreshing of nursery soaps, but it contains delicate emollient properties, which purify and beautify the skin, and prevent skin blemishes occasioned by imperfect cleansing at birth and use of impure soap.

Mothers To know that a single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring humors, and not to use them without a moment's delay is to fail in your duty. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

"All about Baby's Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free to any address.

LEMUEL ELY QUIGG, REPUBLICAN,

Elected to Congress in a District Heretofore Democratic.

New York, Jan. 31.—(Special.)—New York Republicans wear a broad smile to-day. For the first time in years they have a Congressman of their own political faith.

Lemuel Ely Quigg, a young Republican newspaper man, was elected to Congress yesterday in the Fourteenth district

He defeated Col. William L. Brown, a veteran Democratic leader of eminent respectability, in a district which at the last Congressional election gave John R. Fellow, Democrat, 9,000

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT QUIGG.

plurality over his Republican competitor, and over 7,000 majority over all.

The barriers of the most unfair Congressional apportionment ever made have at last been broken down. The first direct verdict of the people since the Wilson bill has been a hom quantity, has been registered.

There was no personal issue in the campaign. Both candidates were gentlemen of recognized ability and integrity. Even the feeling against Tammany could not very materially hurt Col. Brown. His affiliation with that organization was slight, and has never, until very recently, existed. He had, however, the full support of the organization, of the administration, of the free traders, of the friends of the Wilson bill. The issue was a national one, it was Democratic or Republican control in the National Congress. It was a fair and square fight between the two parties unembarrassed by any side or local issue. The Democrats had 9,000 votes the advantage, and with even that Col. Lill Brown is still Col. Brown, but Lem Quigg, the newspaper man, is now Mr. Congressman Quigg.

The complete unofficial figures in yesterday's election in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth congressional districts where vacancies existed is as follows: Fourteenth district, Lemuel E. Quigg (Rep.), 13,566; William L. Brown (Dem.), 12,582, a plurality for Quigg of 984, and a Republican net gain of 9,809. The People's Party candidate received 233 votes, Socialist-Labor 668, and the Prohibitionist 252.

In the Fifteenth district Isador Straus (Dem.), 15,390; Frederick Sigrist (Rep.), 10,703, a plurality of 4,687 for Straus, and a Republican net gain of 7,162. The Socialist candidate polled 854 votes, the Populist 505 and the Prohibitionist 356.

KING REX CAME FROM HIS DEN,

And To-Night He Will Call on Comus, His Rival.

New Orleans, Feb. 6.—The carnival procession to-day was unusually beautiful and notably free from accidents and violence. It was 11 o'clock when Rex appeared this forenoon. He came out from his den on Calliope street with his long train of beautiful cars and with gay courtiers and a royal retinue and a host of bands making martial music.

The king was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm on all sides. Rex this year has taken from the great poets and story tellers of ancient and modern times material to make up his theme of literature, and his pageant, glittering in color, shows the effect of many months of patient and artistic work. There are nineteen floats in the procession, and probably ninety characters are necessary to assist in the telling of the story.

The decorations are brilliant in the extreme, and the costumes most gorgeous and striking, and brought out in all their beauty by the rays of the sun. Rex to-night will hold a reception at the carnival palace, where a ball is to take place and where he will select and crown his queen. The evening parade will be that of Comus, the subject of which has not yet been given out. Comus will hold forth at the French opera house, and the two monarchs will exchange visits during the evening.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETTALISM.

Meeting Held in Boston to Help It on Monday.

Boston, Feb. 6.—A meeting of prominent citizens was held here yesterday to promote the establishment of international bi-metallism, and a representative committee was selected to push forward the work. President Andrews, of the Brown University, was elected chairman. The promoters of the movement are opposed to free coinage of silver, but believe that the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act affords an excellent opportunity for advancing the cause of international bi-metallism. They think that the needs of commerce will soon compel the international use of silver, as well as of gold.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

Idle money is still flowing into New York, but in diminished volume. The increase last week was only $3,608,500, the smallest since the opening of the year. Money was, if anything, still easier in that city last week. Call money was abundantly offered, and at rates from 1-2 of 1 per cent. to 1 1-2 per cent., averaging 1. The offerings of time money diminished, because the bulk of the new bonds is taken in New York city, and in preparing for this the bulk of loanable funds was diminished. This had no effect upon interest rates, however, as there was no increase in the demand for loans, and rates closed practically unchanged on Saturday at 2 per cent. for thirty to sixty days, 2 1-2 per cent. for ninety days to four months, 3 1-2 per cent. for five to six months.

The stock market exhibited no features of interest. The transactions were small, and there was no general movement. There is still an underlying tone of firmness, resisting all large speculative attacks, and due to the feeling that as soon as the tariff bill is passed by the Senate, and business understands the new conditions under which it must move, there must be an upward turn. There is abundance of money, it will not be as largely used in manufacturing as before, as the Wilson bill will cripple our industries; hence it must seek investment in stocks. That is sound logic, and governs the situation.

The review of the business situation by the mercantile agencies is encouraging. Industrial establishments in operation are steadily increasing in number, though the general reduction in wages is still going on; and at New York, Chicago and some other cities the improvement in trade is showing itself in an increased volume of commercial paper offered at the banks. This increase in trade follows from the fact that supplies are exhausted, and the people who are at all able are compelled to renew them, at least partially. This improvement is likely to continue.

The week's exports of gold were $718,252, chiefly to Havana; of silver, $860,309, to London. Since January 1: Gold, $1,657,548, silver $4,154,169, against $14,744,510 gold and $2,796,481 silver for the same period in 1893. Imports of gold were $330,319, chiefly in transit for Cuba from England and Germany; of silver $3,212, from Central America. Since January 1: Gold $592,147, silver $116,894, against $95,064 gold and $263,207 silver for the same time last year. Bar silver closed lower in New York at 66 1-4 cents per ounce.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Feb. 6, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 6	Jan. 30
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